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THE

Duplicate

MONTH

DECEMBER 1866.



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THE MONTH.

DECEMBER 1866.

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All Books and Publications intended for review in the MONTH should be sent to the Editor, at 50 South Street, Grosvenor Square, W., or at the Publishers', Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Hall Court, Ludgate Street, E.C. It is requested that Letters and Manuscripts may be sent to the former address.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications.

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** * Advertisements to be sent to MR. G. BLAND, care of MESSRS. ROBSON & SON, Printing Works, Pancras Road, London, N.W.*

Irish Birds'-Nests.

"Who reads the Report of an Orphan School?" is the opening sentence of one of a bundle of annual reports of various orphanages, refuges, and missions in Ireland which lately fell in our way. We must take some credit to ourselves for the sturdy perseverance with which we read every word not only of this—which was one of the most nauseous of all—but of the whole score of compilations which we had been invited to peruse. Our readers will compassionate our state of exhaustion after a prolonged study of cases of true conversion, hearty reception of "the Word," "laying hold of Christ," and finding peace, &c.; and of detailed descriptions of Scripture-readers' argumentative triumphs, dear Mr. A.'s faithful expositions, the eagerness of starving children to learn texts, and the wonderful effects produced by their repeating them to their benighted parents, and the edifying pertinacity with which a patient, overdosed with texts and dying of water on the brain, "never ceased singing hymns until quite exhausted." But why did we run some risk of a similar fate by continuing to pore over this asphyxiating species of literature? and what has the title of "Birds'-nests" to do with the results of our studies, which do not seem to have lain in the direction of ornithology? Our attention was sustained by the discovery which we soon made, that the system of trading with English money on the destitution of the Irish, for the purpose of training their children in Protestantism, must be very much more extensively and unflinchingly carried on than we had previously supposed.

In England the work of perversion is chiefly performed, as we have taken care not to let our readers forget, in the district schools which they help to support by the poor-rate; and as this is effected on a very large scale and at the public expense, it is not so necessary for the proselytisers to buy Catholic orphans and pervert them in private establishments. Not that this machinery also is not worked even in London. We have met with several instances of offers to pay rent and give other assistance, on condition of the children being handed over to one of the Protestant orphanages which are to be found in the outskirts of the metropolis. And the efforts that had to be made, and with less than complete success, to prevent the "Crimean" and "Patriotic" Funds from being partly applied to a similar purpose will be in the recollection of our readers. But it

is in Ireland itself that the system chiefly prevails. There, of course, children in workhouses registered as Catholics are under the spiritual charge of the priest. But the destitution of the people in various parts of Ireland is still great; the number of orphans, from times of famine and scarcity, very great also; and a lady or Scripture-reader begging to be allowed to provide for a starving child and to relieve the wants of its relations or those who have given it shelter, is a terrible tempter in a foodless, fireless hovel. It is hard to bear hunger, hard to see one's children hungry, still harder perhaps for the mere relative or neighbour to have to stint herself and her own children in order to support an orphan, when, by surrendering it, she can obtain food for herself and them. Then the hope suggests itself that it need be only for a time, and that the child, now a baby, can be claimed again before it can have lost its faith. Sometimes this hope may be realised; more often, we are afraid, it is otherwise; and the poor little one is either crushed in the process to which it is subjected, or grows up into a Protestant of the fiercest type, a brazen-faced reviler of God's Mother in heaven and God's Vicar on earth, and a very cataract of misapplied texts.

Lord Chesterfield observes of an unbecoming boast: "we must hope that the man is a liar, because we should else have to think him a beast;" and, without using such strong language, we unfeignedly hope that there is much exaggeration in the reports that we have been perusing. As we cannot believe, without better evidence than that of Scripture-readers, that Catholics every where "invite them into their houses," and listen with avidity to their expositions, or quite trust the glowing assertions of the Rev. Superintendents of certain regions in the counties of Cork and Kerry, that the *majority* of the population is awakening to what they call "scriptural truth," so we must be permitted to hope that such statements from the managers of orphanages as, "we have the comfort of feeling that *none* of the children who have been in the nursery, even for a short time, have been known to turn back to the fearful errors of Romanism," must be understood in a Pickwickian sense. Indeed, with regard to that particular prison-house, the managers of which thus express their comfortable feelings, we happen to have the comfort of knowing that several girls who escaped from it are giving consolation by their piety and docility under Catholic instruction. Nevertheless, we are afraid that a very large number do entirely lose their faith, and are ready, like a heroine whose exploits are related at great length in the "Connemara Orphans' Nursery" Report, to brave both priest and parents, and when the father tries to bring them back from the house of a Scripture-reader, to "lock the door against

him, and lecture him well from the inside;" and so enable the reader to chuckle over the thought "that Julia has the root of the matter in her, and is a girl of prayer." We know from the reports of that noble institution, St. Brigid's Orphanage at Dublin, that all the 570 orphans received by it up to last December were, with scarcely an exception, rescued from the very hands of proselytisers—from whom they could not have been delivered if that shelter had not been open to them—and that they were selected as the most necessitous from three times that number of applicants who were mostly exposed to the same danger.

Our readers will be aware by this time that the *Birds'-nests* into which we have been trying to peep are Protestant establishments in Ireland, in which Catholic children are sedulously trained in heresy. We should have preferred calling them *bird-cages*; for those who are rescued from them, before their original warble of faith has been exchanged for a parrot-chatter of hymns and texts, exhibit the same sort of delight at their escape as a blackbird or thrush that has succeeded in getting out of its cage. Or if the title of "nest" must be retained, we should consider "cuckoo's nest" more appropriate than "bird's nest," as better representing some peculiarities of Protestant teaching, which even our friends of "the most recent phase of Tractarianism," who are taking such immense pains to imitate the nightingale's notes, cannot altogether prevent being heard through their falsetto, but which in these *nests* are unmitigatedly and unceasingly resonant. It might hint also at the cuckoo-like establishment of Protestantism in England and Ireland by seizing on the nests of singing-birds, and murdering or banishing those who refused to adopt the cuckoo cry. But in the nests of which we are treating a different and still worse process, as we have seen, is adopted, and one to which we do not know that natural history furnishes a precedent. The cuckoos steal young birds, and teach them by long practice to imitate their own discordant notes, and take care not to let them leave the nest till every vestige of their former melody has disappeared, while the poor mother, Philomela-like,

"sub umbra
Amisso queritur foetus."

Our deliberations, however, were ended on reading the following "note" in a report of one of various proselytising dépôts in Dublin: "It is important that our friends should remember that the *Luke-street Female Dormitory* is not only a shelter for regular inmates, but also for all the girls, of whatever age, who are to be sent on to the 'Bird's Nest,' or the Spiddal, or Galway Orphan Refuges." We

thought it important that Catholics, as well as "friends," should remember this; since it shows, what it was probably intended that the initiated only should understand from it, that even the most apparently harmless institutions under Protestant management in Dublin may be bird-traps to supply the "nests." Catholics might be asked to contribute to a night-refuge for young women, and might naturally enough comply, although the managers were Protestants, knowing that in the only Catholic refuge of the sort in London Protestants and Catholics are sheltered indiscriminately, and nothing is said or done to interfere with the religious convictions of the former; and might have no suspicion that in what professes to be a dormitory Catholic girls of all ages are received in order to be forwarded to some Protestant orphanage, whither it is difficult to trace them, and whence it is still more difficult to extricate them. But this passage (which, by the way, is omitted in a later report) besides suggesting these and other reflections, induced us to acquiesce in the title, which the most zealous in the work of perverting Catholic orphans have given *honoris causa* to that one of their orphanages in which the process is supposed to be most successfully carried on. We proceed, then, to give some account of "The Bird's Nest" κατ' ἐξοχήν, and of some similar institutions, chiefly in Dublin, to which the name may be given generically. We entreat our readers to reflect what must be the effect on the minds of Catholics in Ireland, already burdened with the huge Protestant Church Establishment, to see many thousands of pounds sent over every year from England for the express purpose of maintaining institutions the only object of which is to make bitter Protestants of Catholic children. In the discussions that have been so frequent lately on the questions of Irish grievances and Irish disaffection, is it not strange that this grievance has not been touched on?

The Bird's Nest. This was founded as a testimonial to the late Miss Whately. The managers either do not print any reports, or take care that they shall be circulated only among those who can be thoroughly trusted. Several persons have been trying in vain to procure one. We have obtained, however, a much more complete one than the committee would be likely to publish, from our own "Special Correspondent," a very trustworthy and intelligent lady, who visited the establishment last month. The building is large and handsome; it is about ten minutes' walk from the Kingstown railway station. The playground is surrounded by an unusually high wall; and the dormitories are furnished with what is equally unusual, except in prisons—strong doors with iron bars for external fastenings. A few children have at times managed, notwithstanding, to escape from

the nest. The following conversation, which passed between our informant and the matron, will show the thoroughness of the system here carried on :

"Have you any Roman Catholic children here?"

"O yes—they are *all* Roman Catholics." The number at the time was 156, of whom between 30 and 40 were boys.

"Have their parents turned Protestants?"

"No. Perhaps one or two may be converts, but not more."

"Do the parents object to the children being brought up Protestants?"

"It would be of no use if they did; for they know it will be done, when they bring them here." This, by the way, must have been an euphemistic expression for letting them be taken there, or not being able to get them out.

"What is the reason that the parents send their children here?"

"Principally poverty. Some have lost their husbands, or have been deserted, and have other children to support, and are glad to be relieved of one."

"Have you any difficulty in getting the Roman Catholic religion out of these children's heads?"

"Yes, the greatest, sometimes; but it is our first endeavour; *all our efforts are directed towards it*: controversy is the first lesson of the school, and the children become such first-rate controversialists, that no one could answer them."

"Why do you do this?"

"Because, when they go out, they will meet Roman Catholics; and we wish them to have a thorough knowledge of Romanist errors as well as of the truth."

It is not necessary to make any comment; but if any Protestant spoke without indignation of such a system, we should like to ask him, if Catholics were to take charge of 150 children,—every one of whom was the child of Protestant parents, and of parents who were well known to desire that their children should follow their own religion, and had parted with them only under the pressure of starvation,—and were then to make it their first endeavour, to which all their efforts were directed, to turn every one of these children not only into a Catholic, but into a Catholic controversialist, how long would it be before the building was pulled down? There is another feature of *The Bird's Nest* which we shrink altogether from characterising, but the bearing of which on the work of perversion will be understood by every one who knows any thing of the beautiful delicacy of Irish Catholic girls, and of the danger of recklessness about religion that attends any serious wound inflicted on it. We are

assured by our informant that the boys and girls not only walk out together, but play promiscuously, and that she herself saw big boys and girls romping with one another in the playground. But this is not all. The boys' and girls' lavatories, which are on the ground-floor, looking into the playground, open into each other, and the single bath in the establishment is in that of the boys. Three of the dormitories open into each other: the first and last are occupied by the older girls, the middle one by infants of both sexes, whose age may be inferred from the fact that it is one of the rules not to admit a child under four or five. There was no bed in either of the dormitories for a superintendent. Well-barred doors to shut the children in together seem all that is considered essential.

Still, although the children cannot easily run away, it often happens that the parents discover their mistake, or repent of their sin in parting with them, and try to get them back again. Against this provision has to be made. Perhaps our readers in England may not have heard of the Rooneys of Drumsna in the County of Leitrim, whose case became public by being brought before the Queen's Bench. A kind benefactress, Lady Mary King, had relieved her of three daughters, and sent them for greater security all the way to *The Bird's Nest*. When the poor mother, who had applied in vain for her children, persisted in demanding them, she received the following letter and documents:

"MRS. ROONEY,—I was much surprised at getting a letter from you this morning. It would have been the right thing to have let me know you were going to town to take your children. Had you let me know your intention, I would have told you that you would not get them without my order, as you know you solemnly gave them up to me before a magistrate and in the presence of witnesses, and also that you must pay their expenses at the institution. I now send an order for you to get them, on paying what has been laid out on them. If you intended to take back your children, I wonder you never sent me a message to that effect before you went away. I have had messages from other parties, but none from you; and after all the kindness I have shown you and B., I think you have not acted well.

M. KING.

"Charlestown, Drumsna, Nov. 10, 1863."

"To the Matron of *The Bird's Nest*."

"Nov. 19, 1863.

"MADAM,—Please to give Mrs. Rooney her children on paying you the expenses incurred for them.

MARY KING.

"Charlestown, Drumsna,"

And in the same handwriting :

" Mrs. Rooney, debtor to The Bird's-Nest Institution	
a year and six months for three children, at 6 <i>l</i> .	
a year for each	£27 0 0
Clothing ditto, at 30 <i>s</i> . each per year	6 15 0
	<hr/>
	£33 15 0

Though it seems hard on the purchaser that Popish children, bought expressly for proselytising, should be given up to their mother gratis, we cannot but rejoice that the three Rooneys were taken by force of law from the *Nest*, and were lately in good hands. But what would the indignation of the public be if any Catholic charitable asylum had positively refused to restore to a Protestant mother her own children, unless she could pay 30*l*. for them? We may easily see that many destitute mothers would have been effectually deprived of their children by this device. The income of *The Bird's Nest* is said to be 2,000*l*. a-year. The managers are, as may be supposed, "thorough." Two ladies went one day from it to visit the Catholic orphanage in the neighbourhood, and said that they wished to see what their enemies were doing. The Superior observed that she was not their enemy, and they replied: "We thought you hated us as much as we hate you."

Female Orphan House, North Circular-road, Dublin.—This nest, which was opened in 1790 for "destitute orphans of all denominations," is one of the most richly feathered of any. By the report of 1863, it appears to have had a revenue of 1,571*l*. for the support of seventy-one orphans, all, or nearly all, Catholics. In 1800 Parliament voted 500*l*. a-year to it; in 1803 the grant was raised to 978*l*., and in 1835 lowered again to 500*l*. If it is still paid, as we fear it is, some 48,000*l*. will have been given to its managers out of the public taxes to be expended in the work of destroying the souls of Catholic children. It may well be asked in a Catholic report, "Is there no Catholic Member of Parliament to call in question this grant?" This establishment possesses about 8,000*l*. in the Funds, besides landed property.

The Orphan Refuge Society, 34 Upper Sackville-street, Dublin.—This was founded in 1830 for the support and education on Protestant principles of the orphans of mixed marriages. It does not receive a single child that has not at least one Catholic parent. Very few such children would be found in Ireland that had not been, according to the conditions of the marriage, baptised by a Catholic clergyman, and, if old enough, instructed in the Catholic faith. The Society's report for 1864 makes the remark that Catholics "are for

the most part willing enough that the children of purely Protestant parents should be brought up as Protestants; and hence it is that they seldom comparatively meddle with *them*; but it is far different when the child has one parent Roman Catholic. In this case Romanists consider interference a duty." The inference presently drawn is, "Hence the necessity for the Orphan Refuge Society." The inference that we should draw is, "Hence it is a matter of notoriety that Irish Catholics abstain from meddling with the education of any children except those who belong to them, and therefore the system of getting hold of their children to Protestantise them is an unprovoked aggression." The receipts of this Society in 1864 are put down at 2,214*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, and the subscribers are congratulated on the yearly increase of its income. It had 2,234*l.* in the Funds, and was maintaining and educating as Protestants 220 Catholic orphans. Their excellencies Lord and Lady Wodehouse figure as patron and patroness. The majority of the children are placed in Protestant families, and, when old enough, apprenticed to Protestants. A few of the older ones are housed in a training-school in Haddington-road. In former years, although neither the children nor the families to whom they were intrusted were discoverable from the reports, a list was given of the parishes where they were being reared, which might in some cases furnish a clue; but in the report for 1865 we observe that this is omitted. There is a repeated allusion in these reports to the "safety" of the protection from Catholicity given by the society. Nevertheless, some of the birds do escape from this nest also. We give the following letter as a pendant to Lady King's. Like that, it illustrates the business-like way in which, on the purchasers' part at least, the buying and selling of Catholic infants is managed, and the resolute determination not to let a mother have her little ones back again, if there is any chance of her instructing them in her own religion. "Mrs. Hogan," we learn from the St. Brigid's Orphanage Report, "had no idea of making her children Protestants. She was very poor. She said, 'I can earn my own bread, but to support two children without their father I am utterly unable.' She put her two little boys into the orphanage, intending to take them back before they could learn to deny their faith. Year after year she was disappointed in her hope of being able to support them. Her conscience became alarmed, and she told her employer that if she could get any place for them she would withdraw them. Her employer applied at St. Brigid's. They were passed for admission. She demanded her children, and was refused. She then wrote a letter under direction, claiming the children, and received the following answer:

‘THE ORPHAN REFUGE, OR PROTESTANT CHARITABLE ORPHAN
UNION OFFICE.

‘84 Upper Sackville-street,
20th October 1864.

‘MADAM,—I am instructed by the committee to state, in reply to your application, that your two children, who have been under the care of this society since the 14th of April 1857, be delivered up to you, that they shall be given up to you, at any time you specify, on your fulfilling the conditions on which they were received, and which you, as a consenting party, signed, viz. that you shall pay for each of them at the rate of 6*l.* a-year, from the time they were admitted, till such time as they shall be withdrawn by you.

‘I am, madam,

‘Your obedient servant,

‘STEPHEN C. M‘GUSTY,

‘Assistant Secretary.

‘To Mrs. Hogan.’

The poor woman, on reading this letter, despaired of recovering her children; for she knew that 90*l.* was entirely beyond her reach. Left to herself, she would have rested here; and many Catholic orphans are despaired of and lost just at this stage.”

So, we may observe, many are despaired of and lost in London whom, if there were any machinery for helping the broken-hearted, destitute mothers to it, a lawyer’s letter might bring home to them. In Mrs. Hogan’s case, we learn that, under a threat of further proceedings, her two children were given up, but that the elder one was already irreclaimably ruined. The younger had not lost his faith, and is carolling happily in a Catholic nest. We notice that “law-costs” is an item of expenditure in each of the two reports of this society that lie before us, to the amount of 59*l.* 13*s.* and 40*l.*

The General Orphan Home, 7 Richmond-street, Portobello.—This was opened eleven years ago “to all,” in the language of its managers, “no matter of what creed or caste, provided the surviving relatives consent to have the child brought up by the written word in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, for that heavenly house in which there are many mansions.” They had in 1864 sixty-four children in their hands, nearly all of them Catholics. The addition to most of the names of “totally destitute,” or “father and mother dead,” tells its own sad tale. “Father died in the Crimea” is still more saddening. The income of this society is 400*l.*

These proselytising nests are in addition to various other Protestant orphanages in Dublin that are really for Protestants, with

abundance of funds to support them; such as *The Protestant Orphan Society, Percy-place*, with 6,128*l.* a year, and *The Masonic Female Orphan School, Burlington-place*, with 1,982*l.* Of the former, which professes to receive only children both whose parents are Protestants, we have no wish to complain, although about a third of the children were once Catholics. Their admission there is probably owing to the fact of their parents dying while outwardly professing Protestantism for the sake of the bribes with which hungry Catholics are so incessantly plied in Dublin. Their children then rank as Protestants; and it is expedient to get them into a school such as this, leaving more room for others in the more avowedly proselytising nests. The Masonic School also contains some Catholic children; and their ruin is attributable only to the sin of their fathers in enrolling themselves in an anti-Christian society under the formal ban of the Church.

Again, there is a third class of establishments in or near Dublin, in which Catholic children are more or less vigorously proselytised, after the system that prevails in those workhouse schools in London from which the priest is not wholly excluded; such as *The Royal Marine School, The Bluecoat Hospital*, and especially *The Royal Hibernian Military School*. Some eight years ago, when this last was denounced, a deputation of liberal Catholics and others visited the school, took lunch there, and pronounced the school as well as the lunch quite satisfactory; as we have heard here in London of a Catholic going to see a district school in which the Catholic children are habitually set to work on Sundays in the furnace-room, instead of hearing Mass, and returning quite charmed with the courteousness and lucid explanations of the master. The Catholic chaplain, however, succeeded in getting the Hibernian Military School discussed in Parliament; and it was then shown that, although the Catholic children were more than a third of the whole number, every teacher, every monitor, and every officer in the house were Protestants, that the school-books were anti-Catholic, and that the most violent anti-Catholic tracts were distributed among the Catholic children. We are afraid that the result was far short of a complete reform. There was probably the usual hope expressed, that "after such a concurrence of sentiments on both sides of the House, the managers would doubtless see fit, &c. without the necessity of legislative interference," &c.; and there was the amount of deference paid to the recommendation that decorum required.

We have mentioned the *Luke-street Dormitory* as a receiving-house for more regularly constructed nests. It is also one of a number of institutions for bribing Catholic children by food and clothing

first into feigned, and then into real apostasy, which seem to swarm in Dublin, but which are spread all over Ireland. The arrangements for combining the collection of funds in England from the largest possible area with a system of barefaced purchasing of converts in Ireland, from which many of the donors would recoil, are somewhat peculiar, and forcibly remind us of analogous arrangements by which a candidate for certain boroughs is able to protest that he has not paid a shilling for any other than strictly legal expenses, while a friend or a partner advances the money required for direct bribery. There are several societies with very large incomes almost entirely raised in England, which either say nothing about temporal relief, or declare that their funds are never used in this way; and these are supplemented by other societies and institutions for providing food and clothes, and sometimes beds, for Catholics who can be thus induced to attend the schools and controversial classes which the first set of societies maintain for their perversion. Of the first kind are the *Irish Church-Missions Society*, with an income of over 26,000*l.*; the *Church-Education Society*, the receipts of which in 1863 were set down as 43,702*l.*, and the number of Catholic children attending their schools in Ireland as 9,662; the *Ladies' Hibernian Female School Society*, receiving 1,747*l.*, and educating 5,270 scholars, and boasting in 1863 of 186,000 children scripturally trained since its commencement; the *Scripture-readers' Society for Ireland*, employing in the same year fifty-seven men to go about insulting Catholics at an expense of 2,183*l.*; the *Dublin City Mission*, receiving 768*l.*, and the *Dublin Visiting Mission*, 994*l.* These are all professedly proselytising institutions; but they say nothing of the chief means employed to effect conversions. On the contrary, the reports of the *Irish Church-Missions Society*, which is probably the most offensive of all in its mode of operations, declare that "not one shilling of the money collected in England is devoted to the purpose of food or clothes;" and the Bishop of Ripon is reported to have said at Bradford, "If it were possible by a bribe of a single farthing to win over 10,000 Roman Catholics in Ireland to the Protestant faith, the promoters of this society would scorn the very thought of spending that farthing." A large part of the 26,000*l.* contributed to the *Irish Church-Missions* is probably given by those who share in these generous sentiments. They really believe that the multitudes of Catholic children in the Protestant schools which they help to support, and the adult Catholics reported as listening with eagerness to the word of God, and gradually giving up their errors, are attracted by the force of truth. In the mean time, besides large sums raised by private application, there are various institutions, the in-

comes of which are entirely devoted to supply the bribes by which alone the Scripture-readers and visiting missionaries are furnished with hearers, and the proselytising schools with scholars. The reports of some of these subsidiary societies, which we have been perusing, show that all their funds are spent in this way, while the correlative expenses of books and teachers' salaries are furnished by the other societies which scorn to bribe.

The receipts of the *Male and Female Ragged and Sunday Schools*, 27 Townsend-street, and *Female Dormitory*, 18 Luke-street, were 888*l.* in 1864. "Every week-day morning through the whole year," their report tells us, "the doors are opened, and any and every little hungry child is invited to come in and be fed, and warmed and taught;" the two first on condition of the third. To those who are most destitute, bread is given also at the close of school. The *Dormitory* provides lodging to forty grown girls. There is a boys' dormitory also, the funds for which are raised by a separate committee, and are in addition to the above sum. Clothing is given to the amount of about 120*l.* When sufficiently perverted, the children are apprenticed to Protestants, or places are found for them in Protestant families. There is an item of 8*l.* 19*s.* for the travelling expenses of those sent to distant birds'-nests, according to the "Note" which we before quoted. We will illustrate the sort of work that goes on in these schools and dormitories by a few passages out of many. "In the course of the last two years seventy girls have passed satisfactorily through their examination in Scripture, &c., and have left school to prepare for service in training-schools, or under private superintendence." "Conflicts, and vehement ones, go on in this little world" (the Dormitory), "though with perfect harmony and mutual good-will." "When Scripture-questioning is going on, it is interesting to watch the kindling eye and eager objections of some new-comer, earnest in the defence of the Church of Rome." "By degrees point after point is yielded, often after months or even years of persevering resistance; and the resolute defender of Rome becomes, not only an intelligent, instructed Protestant, but an ardent missionary among her companions." "On an average, *eight girls out of ten* leave the school Protestants from conviction." "Another girl, who entered the school a determined Romanist, has not only embraced the truth, and given evidence of hopeful conversion, but has been the means of bringing one at least of her family under the same influence. She passed through the training-school, and was then placed in service." "Another, no less bigoted at first, is now rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made her free, and indefatigable in trying to influence her mother, with

whom she has held several conversations on points of controversy." "By education and conviction he" (a boy who is said to have come *accidentally* to Townsend-street) "was an ardent Romanist, and argued stoutly in defence of his views; his object, as he afterwards avowed, being to convert the master. After about a year's attendance" (food and clothing), "light seemed to break in upon his mind. He is now, to all appearance, a true Christian as well as Protestant, and an earnest missionary of Gospel truth." "During the past year twelve of the boys," of the infant school, "have gone into the boys' school, and eight girls have also been promoted. The places of these twenty have been filled up by Roman Catholic children." "There used to be," in one of the infant schools, "only about forty-three; now there were eighty, the increase being almost entirely in Roman Catholic children." "As I passed on to a more advanced class, I spied a little fellow with a most beautiful forehead. His mother was a Roman Catholic. 'A Catholic, I call her,' said the little fellow, 'because it would vex her to be called Roman.' 'And do not you teach her?' I asked. 'O yes; she is proud of my reading; and so I read the chapters to her, and teach her the texts; she knows a great lot.' 'Do you pray for her?' 'O yes; I pray to God for her and for myself.' 'Why don't you pray to the Virgin Mary?' 'She could not hear me, and she could not answer me. Only God hears.' I found my little model quite an entertaining companion. He told me of a picture he had once seen of the Virgin Mary helping the souls out of purgatory. I asked him if he believed in purgatory. 'No,' said he, 'there's no such place.'" "When sufficiently educated, these girls are sent into a training institution for servants, or, if fit, are sent straight to service. Some girls *who have escaped from nunneries*, or have been reduced from a better class of life, are fit without training." "About two years ago a girl of about seventeen years of age presented herself for admission to the Dormitory. She had no home, she said, and was utterly destitute. At first she was very bigoted, and a resolute supporter of Roman Catholic doctrines, arguing incessantly with teachers, Scripture-readers, and ministers; but at length truth dawned upon her mind; the Bible, which once she hated, she began to search diligently, and there she found" (by the help of those who only kept her out of the streets on condition of finding it) "that priest and penance and mass and purgatory were of no avail to the saving of the soul." Two other girls "knew their creed, and were most steadfast Roman Catholics, determining never to be led away from the faith. But as weeks passed away, the younger became much interested in the beautiful stories of the Bible; and her sister,

fearing that she would lose her faith, wrote to her mother, begging that she would come and take the child away. She came. The elder, trusting in her own superior strength, remained; but ere long the word of God became to her as her daily food. She learned from it," &c. For the older boys, who are perverted from funds raised by another committee, a new dormitory was opened in 1862 at a cost of 3,000*l.*, of which 400*l.*, we are told, was given in answer to an appeal of Miss Whately in the *Times*. There were 72 boys in this nest in 1864.

Two other similar institutions in Dublin are styled the *Coombe Ragged Schools* and the *Grand Canal-street Sunday, Daily, Infant, and Evening Schools*. The revenue of the former was in 1864 352*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* "Day by day," their report says, "somewhere about 200 poor children assemble in the Coombe School, their teachers and books provided by the Society for Irish Church-Missions" (which would scorn to expend a farthing in bribing children to attend), "their temporal comforts by the kind friends whose names are recorded in this report." For fear those, who for the sake of these "temporal comforts"—viz. breakfast every day to children, and on Sundays to adults, and clothes to all, but only on condition of receiving heretical teaching—have given up the practice of their religion, might revert to it in time of sickness, there is another subsidiary fund, called the *Coombe Ragged-schools Relief Fund*, to give relief "in cases of sickness or other emergencies."

The *Grand Canal-street Schools* have an income of 285*l.*, which is similarly expended; and the same notification is given by their managers of the connection of their work with that of the *Irish Church Missions*, under whose superintendence their schools are placed, while they provide "food for the hungry, clothing for the naked, fires to warm them all, and such other necessary expenses" for purchasing apostasy. There is also in Grand Canal-street a *Sleeping Asylum*, with 816*l.* a-year, to finish the work begun in the day-schools, by lodging grown-up boys and teaching them trades on the usual and invariable conditions. One of the rules here, we understand, and perhaps elsewhere, is that a boy who leaves must find a substitute, or else not be allowed to take his clothes with him. "Many of the children who attend Grand Canal-street Schools," we are assured, "show a great desire to bring others to share the like privilege. Some are earnestly teaching their parents, some their neighbours; and one little girl has quite a large class of Roman Catholic children, whom she assembles on the stairs of the house in which she lives, and teaches them to sing the hymns and say the texts. This is quite a little child, not more than nine or ten years old."

From the proselytising schools boys are also handed on to such institutions as *The Broomer and Messenger Society*, and girls to homes such as *Providence Home* in Charlemont-street. The former does a good deal of mischief for 246*l.* a-year, and receives annually between forty and fifty new boys; the latter has an income of nearly 800*l.*, and in 1863 admitted 232 girls. In each "the Holy Scriptures are carefully and prayerfully taught," and attendance on Protestant services insisted on.

Besides all these and other *nests*, a *Convert Relief Fund* appeals to the charitable in Dublin to strengthen the hands of Scripture-readers by supporting those destitute persons of whom they report favourably. We need hardly say what their sufficient and indispensable test of piety is. "There is a general opinion abroad," we are told, "that our readers are great controversialists. It is true they are." And the results of their controversial skill, backed by the other kind of arguments, are such as these: "The wife of a converted Romanist," i. e. apostate, "fell sick and died; and being a Romanist, was visited, and finally anointed, by the Roman priest. Yet even under such circumstances this poor woman was permitted to receive the reader's visits; and his readings and prayers were given with acceptance to the very last." "There are many Roman Catholics who welcome his" (the reader's) "visits, and don't hesitate to say, when they can venture to do so, that they do not believe in the unscriptural doctrines of their Church." "We have here the rare phenomenon of a Romish congregation very ready, even well disposed, to oppose their priest." "A steadfast Roman Catholic said, on his dying bed, 'I was a Catholic, trusting in the Blessed Virgin, the priest, and the Sacrament. Now I feel happy to know it is Jesus alone can save me.' This man's wife and family are now earnest Protestants."

We have confined ourselves hitherto to *Birds' Nests* in or near Dublin, and to propagandist institutions having their head-quarters there. Besides the societies for missions and schools, of which we have spoken as embracing all Ireland in their operations, we may observe that there are others formed for particular regions, where the greater distress of the population is an invitation to birds of prey. Such are the *Connaught Church-Extension Society*—with the recent exposures of which our readers are probably too familiar to need information—and the *Island and South-coast Society*, with an income in 1861 of 1,651*l.*, almost all raised in England. In wading through a weekly report of this latter society, we were particularly struck with passages in which increased destitution and success of the missionaries are mentioned in juxtaposition: e. g. "The people

of this island have been latterly more willing to receive instruction. The loss of their potato-crop has humbled them, so that now generally the reader is received into their houses." "You may see the distress prevails in these barren places extensively. I have a whole batch of widows getting a measure of meal at my house twice a week. Your reader has a greater facility than ever to go amongst them, and is generally welcome wherever he goes. The priests continued their curses up to three or four weeks ago; they have now ceased, seeing it is of no avail." "The majority of the people have neither fuel nor clothing, and are thus sadly in want. For the last six months they have had nothing but thorns and briars to burn. It would be a great charity if some one would give me a little rice for the sick; it would be a most acceptable gift, as many are suffering from sickness from bad food. The reader may now go and speak as much as he likes among the people." We should hardly like to express what we feel about these and many similar passages, which seem intended to intimate to the initiated what it would not be seemly even for a reader to say in plain terms.

Of *Birds' Nests* proper, to return for a moment to our starting-point, we are informed that, besides those in Dublin, which we have described, there are no less than thirty-one in different parts of Ireland. We have seen the reports of only two of these,—the *Spiddal Orphanage* in the county Galway, and the *Connemara Orphans' Nursery*. The former the reader will remember as one of the favoured *nests* to which girls are sent for security from a proselytising dormitory. All the fifty inmates, we are told, "were in special danger of being brought up in Romanism," or "are orphans of Roman Catholic parents, who have been *given up* to the committee by convert relatives or those under missionary influence." The income in 1863 was 447*l.* 15*s.* The *Nursery* consists of two orphanages; one at Ballyconree, near Clifden, for boys, and one at Glenowen for girls. They were opened in the midst of an exclusively Catholic population, at a time when famine had left many orphans for the spoiler. Their situation, "in a wild mountainous region," to use the words of the report, "on the shores of the Atlantic, fifty miles from Galway, the last railway station," is probably convenient in preventing the visits of relations, although, as the report observes, it "involves expenses which are unavoidable, and would not be required in a more inland and populous position." One of the incidents related in the report is the visit of a father, with four policemen and a search-warrant, to look for a "stolen child," who, however, was not to be found; but the reputation of this *nest* may be guessed at. "It has been observed," it is also apologetically stated, "that the

staff of officers is large and expensive;" and the answer is, "that the children are gathered in a state of degradation and ignorance," i. e. are almost all children of devout and firm Catholics, and involve some trouble before they are thoroughly protestantised. Out of thirteen Catholic boys admitted in 1863, particular mention is made of seven. "One, a bright little fellow, aged seven years," whose stepmother wanted him to go to the nuns' school, "ran away to Mrs. J. D'Arcy, who sent him here." We lately read in a letter from "our own correspondent" in Frankfort a hope that some "fanatic priest," who had encouraged a Jewish lad of thirteen to leave his home, would receive condign punishment; and here, in a report printed at Southampton, and dated Wonston Rectory, we have a boast of getting an Irish child of seven to leave his widowed mother, and securing him in a Protestant nursery. Of two little Walshes we are told that their father died when they were infants, and the widow, a Catholic, gave them up on her death-bed. "The family were all Romanists, but the poor mother during her illness was brought to the knowledge of the truth. The children were left quite destitute, until taken up by Mr. Gallagher, who seems deeply interested in them. The first Friday they were at Ballyconree they refused to eat meat, saying it was wrong to do so; but on Mrs. Harris reasoning with them"—much, probably, as Mrs. Gamp would have done—"their scruples vanished, and they made a very hearty meal." "The parents of the three little Dicksons were in very comfortable circumstances. Their mother died rather suddenly a short time before her husband, who was consumptive for some time, and a few months since sank under this disease. The children were left without any means of support." The income of these orphanages, almost entirely raised in England, was 1725*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* in 1863. A list is given of forty-two boys and thirty-eight girls as the inmates at the close of that year, of ages varying from four to twenty years. There is rather a nest-like look in the government of this institution. Trustees: the Bishop of Tuam, Josiah Smyly, Esq., the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy,—who we suppose is also "the pastor who watches for the souls of his parishioners; and who, with his family and friends, is continually visiting the children,"—and the Rev. Alexander Dallas. Committee: the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy, James D'Arcy, Esq., and Dr. Suffield, the medical attendant. Lady directors in Connemara: Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. James D'Arcy, and Miss D'Arcy; in England, Mrs. Dallas. Treasurers: the Rev. Alexander Dallas, and Mrs. Dallas.

To our friends in Ireland we shall probably only have told what they knew more fully before, and, indeed, only a very little of what

they know, and that somewhat tamely. In Ireland many can tell of the very prices given to starving relations to surrender their children, of Protestants paid to personate Catholics and be defeated in controversy, of Protestants being refused relief when they asked for it as Protestants, and getting it at once, with a bundle of tracts, when they applied as "inquiring" Romanists; and of such scenes as that witnessed by the Rev. G. Webster, the Anglican Chancellor of Cork, and recorded by him with proper indignation, when "on a Sunday morning large quantities of bread were given to Roman Catholics for learning a verse of Holy Scripture; and these same people in my presence went away cursing the Protestants, and cursing the very persons who gave them the bread and taught them the verse." But we wished to excite sympathy in our English readers for the Catholics in Ireland, the assaults on whose faith are hardly, we think, adequately realised by us. The Establishment in itself may be little more than a standing insult. But the 100,000*l.* worth of bribery, mostly raised in England and spent in apparent connection with that Establishment, and generally with the sanction of its ministers, to produce the perversion of infants and the apostasy or hypocrisy of adults, is much more than an insult. And we are reminded afresh of the sort of people with whom we have to do in our own efforts to rescue orphans and prisoners.

We cannot conclude without once more drawing attention and, if our pen could prevail, gaining assistance to the chief bulwark in Dublin against the multiplied machinations of which we have given some account, St. Brigid's Orphanage, 42 Eccles-street, Dublin. Instituted in 1857 with the hope of rescuing 500 Catholic orphans, it had in seven years admitted 570, of whom 314 have been provided for. After reading of the immense sums expended by the proselytising societies, it is wonderful, as well as refreshing, to learn that the Catholic ladies who manage St. Brigid's maintain the 256 orphans on their hands, and keep five day-schools for poor children besides, on an income of 1,903*l.* It is almost needless to say, that the whole service of superintendents, teachers, officers, and collectors, is entirely gratuitous. The orphans are not collected into a huge expensive building, but are placed under inspection in approved Catholic families, who are paid for bringing them up with their own children; and often contract such affection for their charges as to end by adopting them as their own. Although many of the children are mere infants, and many sick and delicate on admission, the whole mortality has been only one per cent per annum. We have often wondered that a similar plan has not been attempted in England. There would be the difficulty of having to send the

children much greater distances ; but the saving of expense in other ways would more than counterbalance this. We wish God-speed to the devoted ladies of St. Brigid's, and to the pious Sisters in the Convent of Mercy at Clifden, close to the *Connemara Nursery*, who stint themselves to help the destitute around them, and who, if funds would only come in to enable them to carry out their scheme of a Catholic sewing and weaving factory, might almost bid defiance to the proselytisers who are busy all about them.

With the exception of our own private report of *the Birds'-Nest*, and some valuable information from the reports of St. Brigid's, all our matter has been derived from that painful study of Protestant documents to which we alluded at the outset. We might have made our article much more piquant by introducing anecdotes, for which, although credible enough, we cannot refer to proof. And that producible proof of most certain facts may be difficult to obtain will be understood by those who have read the published *Correspondence between the Rev. G. Webster and the Revs. H. C. Eade and Al. Dallas*, in which it appears that when Archbishop Whately held a court of inquiry into charges against the Irish Church-Missions Society, a respectable parishioner of Donnybrook, who came forward to testify to money given to a Protestant for personating a Catholic in a controversial class, was cautioned by Mr. Dallas, the secretary of the society, that "an action for libel might be the result of some of his statements."

Syracuse and Ætna.

TOURISTS bent on the ascent of Ætna leave Catania at the end of the long straight street which terminates in the Piazza Giorni. The ascent begins at once. On both sides of the road luxuriant groves of orange, citron, almond, and carouba trees alternate with vineyards and corn-fields rich in the promise of future crops. Yet all are growing on the lava, and lava meets you at every turn: the walls, festooned with the "Bourgainviller," the passion-flower, and beautiful yellow roses, are still of lava; so are the pretty villas, and the *riant* farm-houses, and the lodges in the vineyards,—all are built of it. The streets through the villages are paved with it. There is a sort of allegorical beauty and poetical justice in the way in which the great common enemy has been, as it were, conquered and subdued—at least for a time—and forced to repair the terrible mischief it has wrought. As the road ascends higher and higher, the vegetation diminishes, and you come at last to a wild waste of rock sprinkled with broom and dwarf oak. A twelve-miles' drive brought our travellers to Nicolosi, where their first visit was paid to the kind old professor and geologist, Dr. Gemmellaro, from whom every kind of assistance is obtained for the ascent of the mountain, which is, as it were, both his child and his home. He is a most good-natured and agreeable old man, whose whole life has been devoted to this one great interest, and whose greatest pleasure seems to be to make others share in the knowledge which he himself possesses. His house is a museum of curiosities, and contains a carefully-arranged collection of all the geological phenomena of the mountain. Among other things, he showed the party a ptarmigan which had been "caught sitting" by the lava stream, and had been instantly petrified, like Lot's wife! the bird preserving its shape perfectly. The village of Nicolosi is composed of low houses built up and down a long straggling street, with a fine church in the centre. Horse-races were going on the day of our travellers' arrival, and causing immense excitement among the people, who were all in the street in holiday attire. The horses ran, as at the Carnival in the Corso, without riders, and were excited to a pitch of madness by the shouts of their starters and the *bandeleros* stuck in their sides. After watching the races for some little time, our travellers returned to the kind professor's, who had seen the guides required for their ascent of Ætna,

but who advised them to delay their expedition for two or three days to allow of a greater melting of the snow, the season being backward, and to procure the requisite number of mules for so large a party. It was also necessary to send some one beforehand to clear out the snow from the Casa Inglese, the small house of refuge which the professor had built on the summit of the mountain, at the base of the principal cone, and where travellers rest while waiting for the sunrise, or before commencing the last portion of the ascent to the crater. He is very anxious to have this house better built and provided with more comforts, and tried to enlist the interest of our travellers with the English Government on its behalf. Having arranged everything with him, our party retraced their steps to Catania, having decided to visit Syracuse first, and take Ætna on their return.

The following morning consequently, at half-past 3, they started for Syracuse, so as to arrive there before the great heat of the day, and also in time for Mass. A long marshy plain occupied the whole of the first stage; after which the road wound through limestone rocks and rich cultivation, till they reached the picturesque village of Lentini. The Lake of Lentini is the largest in Sicily, famous for its wild fowl, but also for its malaria. There is a beautiful view of the little town, with its wooded cliffs and deep ravines, from the Capuchin convent above. The scenery increases in beauty as you approach Syracuse, the road descending into deep glens full of ilex, myrtle, oleander, and a variety of aromatic shrubs, and rising again over rocky hills scented with thyme and every kind of wild flower. From hence comes the delicious Hybla honey, which rivals that of Mount Hymettus. Over the wide downs which stretch seaward, the picturesque town of Augusta was seen, perched on the edge of the broad sandy bay.

Our travellers had excellent horses; so that it was not more than half-past ten when they reached the gates of Syracuse and found themselves in the comfortable little hotel near the port. One of the party started off at once to find a Mass; but the good people of Syracuse are very early in their habits, and the lady wandered half over the city before she found what she sought in the beautiful little church of St. Philip, where there happened to be on that day the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and in consequence Masses all the morning. On her return she found that the Vicar-General had been kindly sent by the Archbishop to show her the curiosities of the place. He first took them to the Temple of Diana, now converted into a private residence, and of which nothing remains to be seen but some very ancient Doric columns. From thence they proceeded to the world-famed Fountain of Arethusa. The spring rises from an arch in the

rock, and is protected by a bastion, which defends it from the sea. The papyrus grows here in great luxuriance, and the party gathered some as a specimen, having first duly drank the anciently sacred water. Resuming their carriages, their kind guide now conducted them outside the town to the interesting church and crypt of San Marzian, the first church of Sicily, built on the spot where St. Paul preached during his three days' stay in Syracuse. It is a simple, massive building, of the shape of a Greek cross, and contains the episcopal chair of St. Marzian. Here also is the Tomb of the Saint, who was the proto-martyr of Sicily. Near the tomb is the rude stone altar where St. Paul said Mass. A column of gray granite is shown as that to which St. Marzian was attached for the scourging previous to his execution: it is tinged with his blood. The crypt, however, is the most sacred spot. Here came the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, with the Evangelists St. Mark and St. Luke, on their successive visits to the holy bishop, St. Marzian; where also the local tradition affirms that St. Mark was martyred. The curious font now in the cathedral was found in this crypt, and was probably used for the baptism of many of the early Pagan converts. Adjoining is the place of St. Marzian's martyrdom. The church itself is built over the site of an ancient temple of Bacchus. Leading out of a side door is the entrance to the catacombs, which are more extensive than even those of Naples or Rome, and abound in Christian emblems: crosses, palm-branches, the dove, and other Catholic symbols, are rudely carved on all the vaults and niches, with here and there an early fresco of the Blessed Virgin and Child, or a Greek inscription.

From the catacombs our travellers crossed the plain, thickly studded with ancient columns, sarcophagi, and remains of Greek and Roman buildings, till they came to the little church of St. Nicolò. Underneath is a reservoir with an aqueduct, leading to the great amphitheatre; the principal monument left of Roman work in Syracuse, and still in perfect preservation. Recent excavations have cleared the space, so that the seats and arena are clearly visible. From the amphitheatre, a five-minutes' walk leads to the *Latomia del Paradiso*—a quarry containing in its further recesses the famous *Ear of Dionysius*. This cavern was excavated by the tyrant for a prison, and so constructed that the faintest whisper could be heard in the chamber above, where he sat listening to the conversation of his victims. It is to be supposed that the listener, according to the proverb, rarely heard any good of himself. It is a wonderfully picturesque spot; the sides of the quarry being lined with fruit-trees and ferns and flowering shrubs, mingled with masses of fallen rock and fragments of ancient masonry. Pistols were fired off by the guides

to let the party hear the full force of the echo, which is tremendous. Round a deep spring at the further end of the cavern grew the most beautiful maiden-hair fern. Close by is the Greek theatre, the largest in Sicily, hollowed out of the rock, and capable of containing more than 20,000 spectators.

Returning home to luncheon, the ladies visited on their way the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who are lodged in one of the fine old mediæval palaces of Syracuse, with beautifully carved windows and doorways. But it is very much out of repair, and very inconvenient for their large orphanage. There are only six or seven Sisters here. Their Superior is a charming person, and only another proof, if one were needed in that wonderful religious Order, of the way in which energy, zeal, and, above all, a burning charity, can triumph over the sufferings entailed by a delicate frame and sickly constitution.

After luncheon our travellers started again to meet Monsignor B—— at the cathedral. It is built on the site of an ancient temple of Minerva, but has been ruined by modern churchwardenship and whitewash. There are two fine side chapels, however; one dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament, the other to St. Lucia, in which is exposed a large silver figure of the saint of great antiquity. The font, of which notice has been taken above, is of marble, supported by seven fine bronze lions. There is a beautiful renaissance doorway leading to the sacristy. A beautiful Benediction Service with Litany was being sung; after which the relics and treasures were examined, which include a beautiful chalice of amber, cut out of one piece, and a pastoral ring of great size and value. In the Place, or court of the cathedral, are fourteen fine columns of Cipollino marble, supposed to have formed part of the ancient Temple of Ceres. Opposite the north door of the cathedral is the museum, containing all the antiquities lately discovered in Syracuse and its neighbourhood. The finest is a beautiful torso, a Venus of the best date of Greek art. There are also some very fine cameos and medals. The day was closed by a sweetly-sung Benediction at the orphanage of the Sisters of Charity.

The next morning, after a day-break Mass at the cathedral, one of the party breakfasted with the Archbishop, who afterwards showed her his palace and gardens, which are very fine. In the latter grew the largest citrons she had ever seen, very nearly equalling the gigantic oranges at Jaffa. Adjoining his garden-wall is a convent of Benedictine nuns, which was likewise visited. The good-natured Prefect then insisted on taking the whole party in his carriages to the Franciscan convent of St. Lucia outside the town. There is an interesting Norman church attached to it, raised over the site of the saint's martyrdom; and a granite column is shown as that to which she was

fastened on the occasion. Her tomb is cut in the rock at the back of the altar, underneath which is a fine statue of the saint by Bernini.

From this spot a narrow lane, traversing vineyards fenced by stone walls, leads to the convent of Sta. Maria di Gesù, in front of which is a fine stone cross. Passing by an aqueduct in very tolerable preservation, and by a succession of old tombs cut in the cliff, our party arrived at the Capuchin convent—a fortified building, with fosse and drawbridge and machicolated battlements. A little gate at the side led them into the *Latomie*, or quarries, from whence the stone was taken to build the city. Here is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of Syracuse. It is a vast pit, about a hundred feet in depth, and of many acres in extent, planted with oranges, citrons, pomegranates, figs, and cypresses, with an undergrowth of roses, arums, acanthus, ferns, and creepers of every kind, and overrun with ivy and wild vine. The whole is walled in by lofty gray cliffs hung with creepers; and from the midst of this wilderness of beautiful and almost rank vegetation rise two tall insulated masses of rock, with an ancient flight of steps cut in the side of one of them, but now inaccessible. The cliffs are hollowed into vast halls or caverns, in one of which the Prefect told our travellers that he had given a fête to Prince Alfred on his first visit to Syracuse. The kind old monk who had been their escort brought them fruit, bread, and wine in this deliciously cool retreat, and sat a long time talking of the Holy Land, where he had been, and which he was delighted to find was equally well known and appreciated by his guests. Here and there, imbedded in the rocks, are traces of ancient sepulchres; and one or two Protestant epitaphs on the cliffs prove that the quarries have, even in late days, been used for purposes of burial.

Leaving this beautiful spot with great regret, and acceding to the request of the good old monk that they would first pray with him for a few minutes in the church for a blessing on the Holy Land Mission, our travellers visited one or two more of the antiquities in the neighbourhood, including the recently-excavated Baths of Diana, full of beautiful marbles and mosaics; the Sepulchral Road, the perpendicular sides of which are lined with niches for cinerary urns; the tombs of Archimedes and Timoleon, and other interesting remains of Greek and Roman times; after which they returned once more to the city and to the museum, where the collection of natural history had yet to be seen, which contains everything most interesting of the kind in Sicily, and also the library. The latter contains priceless treasures, of which the most remarkable are—a rare copy of the Gospel of St. John, of the twelfth century; a Koran on paper, of 1199, brought from Egypt by Lord Nelson, and given by him to the

Cavalier Landolina, who was the real founder of the library; a very fine block-book, a replica of one of those in the Wilton library; and many beautifully illuminated martyrologies and missals.

Nothing can be kinder or more hospitable than the residents of Syracuse. The visit of our travellers was necessarily too limited in point of time to enable them to profit by it; but every one offered their carriage and horses, and put their palaces, not figuratively, but actually *à leur disposition*. There are still some beautiful mediæval palaces in the town, especially the Palazzo Montalto, with its pointed windows and dog-tooth mouldings. It bears also some curious Gothic inscriptions, like the houses at Avila, and with the date 1397.

A charming boating excursion was made by one or two of the party from Syracuse to the Fountain of Cyane, up the river Anapus, the only spot in Europe where the papyrus still grows wild. Nothing remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, which one visits by the way, but two broken columns. But there is a lovely sketch a little further on of a ruined bridge, with a date-palm overhanging the stream, and a foreground of magnificent tangled vegetation of reeds, sugar-cane, acanthus, iris, and every kind of aquatic plants, and which the slow progress of one's boat through the weeds enables one fully to enjoy. The Anapus leads into the Cyane, which is a far clearer stream, but very narrow. Here the papyrus grows luxuriantly among flags and castor-oil plants. It was sent from Egypt by Ptolemy to King Hieron II., and has flourished ever since. Struggling up the narrow stream and through the choking mass of vegetation, which threatened to close the passage altogether, our travellers' boat at last arrived at a beautiful circular basin, fringed with papyrus and purple iris; the water, very deep, was clear as crystal, and swarming with fish. This was known in old times as the famous "dark blue spring," converted by heathen mythology into a nymph; and an annual festival was held here in honour of Ceres. Now it is utterly deserted, save by an occasional traveller or sportsman seeking food for his gun from the multitude of snipes and wild fowl which resort to its banks and make their nests in its undisturbed and reedy shores. That same evening our travellers returned to Catania, charmed with their expedition, and full of gratitude for all the kindness which had been showered upon them.

The following morning found one of the party very early at the convent of her old friends the Benedictines, where the Superior received her with his usual fatherly kindness, and presented her, as a surprise, with the Deed of Affiliation to their Order, which he had obtained for her from Monte Cassino; together with a picture of the Saint and the miraculous Medal or Cross of St. Benedict, with

its mysterious letters, *C.S.S.M.L.* (*Crux sacra sit mihi lux*), a medal always given by St. Vincent de Paul to his Sisters of Charity, as a defence in the many perils of their daily lives. Once more the traveller heard that glorious music, which, beautiful at all times, is so especially thrilling at the Benediction service. The organ begins with a low, sweet, wailing sound, to which those beautiful and cultivated voices respond: and then bursts into thunder, expressing, as far as mortal instrument can, the glorious majesty of God. It was the Feast of St. Monica: that saint so dear to every widowed mother's heart; and the fact, in connection with the English stranger, had not been forgotten by the kind Abbate, who came up and whispered to her as she knelt before Mass: "My child, the prayers and communions of the community this day will be offered up for *you*, that you may follow in the steps of St. Monica, and finally reap her reward."

Returning at seven to the hotel, the whole party started once more for Nicolosi, on their way to undertake the more formidable ascent of Ætna. Arriving, after a four-hours' drive, at the house of their old friend Professor Gemmellaro, they found he had kindly made every arrangement for their start; and after about an hour's delay in settling the pack-saddles, packing up provisions for the night, and arranging every thing with the guides, they mounted their mules and began the ascent. For some miles they passed through a tract of lava, sprinkled here and there with broom and heather, till they reached a cattle-shed, called Casa di Rinazzi, where they came to a picturesque wood of dwarf oak looking like the outskirts of an English park. From thence to Casa del Bosco the road is both easy and pleasant, and our travellers began to think that the difficulties of the ascent (to people who had crossed, as they had done, the Lebanon in deep snow) would be comparatively trifling. They soon, however, discovered their mistake. At the Casa del Bosco they stopped to rest their mules and make some tea, while the guides advised them to put on as much additional clothing as they could for the coming cold. The peasants were at work round them collecting the snow in reservoirs close to the cavern called the Grotta delle Capre—that snow so invaluable to the dwellers in the plain, and the sole substitute for ice to the inhabitants of Catania.

But here the real toil of the ascent begins. It is only nine miles from hence to the summit; but those nine miles are terribly severe, not only from their steepness, but from the nature of the ground, composed of a black loose ash, interspersed with sharply-pointed lava rocks, on which you tread and stumble, and seem to recede two steps for every one you take. As you ascend higher the snow conceals the

inequalities of the ground, but does not make them the less fatiguing. The cold too increases every instant, and our travellers regretted that they had not followed their guides' advice and brought both overstockings and gloves. After toiling up in this manner for two hours, they came to a pile of lava which marks the distance half-way between the Casa del Bosco and the Casa Inglese. The snow here increased in depth—the rarefaction of the air became painfully intense; while the clouds of sulphur from the eruption, which still continued on the opposite side of the mountain, driven in their faces by the wind, made some of the party so sick that they could scarcely proceed. The cold too became well-nigh intolerable. The mule of one of the ladies sank in a snowdrift, rolled and fell some way down the precipice, compelling her to continue the journey on foot; but her feet and hands were so numbed and so nearly on the verge of being frost-bitten, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could go on. At last the Casa Inglese was reached. It is a low stone house, built on what is called the Piano del Lago, a small ledge of frozen water, 10,000 feet above the sea. In spite of the orders of the Professor, it was still half full of snow when they arrived; and this had to be cleared out, and made into what the children call "snow men," before the frozen travellers could enter and endeavour to make a fire with the wood they had brought with them. The guides cautioned those who were still on their mules to descend very gently, as in the semi-frozen state they were in, the least jerk or slip might occasion a broken limb. One of the party was lifted off her horse at last and laid on some rugs by the fire, which for a long time resisted all efforts to light; and then her limbs had to be rubbed with snow to restore some kind of animation. When this object was attained, the overpowering smoke—for there was no chimney or fireplace—made the remedy almost worse than the disease. All this time they had been well-nigh deafened by the detonations from the mountain, which, at regular intervals sounded like artillery practice on a large scale. Every thing they had brought with them was frozen, including the milk they had got at Nicolosi, and of which they were obliged to break the bottle before they could melt any for their tea. After a time, the younger portion of the travellers lay down to rest on some straw arranged in wooden shelves or layers round the inner room, one at the top of the other, after the manner of pears and apples in a kitchen-garden house in England. A French geologist and two other professors had joined their party, and of course had no other place to go to; but the appearance of the company, roosting in this way on the shelves, was comical in the extreme.

At three o'clock, however, every one rose, and commenced the ascent of the cone, so as to reach the top by sunrise. The distance is short, but intensely steep; it is like going up the side of a house; and the difficulty is heightened by the loose ashes in which you sink at every step, and the hot fumes of sulphureous vapour which pour out of the sides of the cone. Only a portion of our travellers persevered to the top; the others being reluctantly compelled by faintness and violent sickness to retrace their steps. On reaching the crater, they at first saw nothing but a deep yawning chasm, full of smoke, which kept pouring out in their faces. The eruption, which one of the party had seen in perfection two months before, was some miles off, and had burst out of a new crater on the Taormina side of the mountain. But with the dawning light the whole magnificent scene was revealed to them. It has been so admirably and accurately described by Mr. Gladstone, that any attempt at a fresh description could be but a poor repetition of his words. Sufficient, then, is it to say that the view at sunrise repaid all the sufferings of the ascent. Ætna, unlike other mountains, stands alone, rising straight from the plain, with no rivals to dispute her height, or intercept any portion of the glorious view below. The whole of Sicily is stretched out at your feet, the hills below looking like the raised parts of a map for the blind. Not only is the panorama unequalled in magnificence, but there are atmospherical phenomena in it which belong to Ætna alone. As the sun rises over the Calabrian coast, a perfect and distinct image of the cone is reflected—as on the sheet of a magic-lantern—on the horizon below, gradually sinking lower and lower as the sun becomes brighter, and finally disappearing altogether. As it was early in the season, the snow extended over the whole of the so-called desert region, while the wood below seemed to encircle the mountain as with a green belt, which added to the beautiful effect of the whole. Tired and exhausted, and yet delighted, our travellers descended the cone, and rejoined their companions at the Casa Inglese, who had been compelled to content themselves with seeing the sun rise from a green hillock just below the house. They determined on their way home to diverge a little from the straight route, in order to visit the Val del Bove, that weird and ghost-like chasm which had struck them so much when looking down upon it from the height of the cone. Floundering in the snow, which was a good deal deeper on that side of the mountain, their mules continually sinking and struggling up again, breaking their saddle-girths in the effort, and consequently landing their riders continually on the soft snow, the party arrived at last on the edge of this magnificent amphitheatre.

It is of vast size, enclosed by precipices 3,000 feet in height, and filled with gigantic rocks, of wonderfully strange and fantastic shapes, standing out separately, like beasts—hence its name. The perfect silence of the spot reminds one of some Egyptian city of the dead. Smoke, explosion, dripping ice, or rushing torrents, characterise the other extinct craters in this wonderful mountain; but in this one all is still and silent as the grave. It is stern as the Curse of Kehama, and as if the lava had been cast up in these wonderful shapes in some extraordinary convulsion of nature, and then had been petrified as it rose. Our travellers lingered long looking over the edge of the precipice, vainly wishing to be able to descend into the enchanted valley, and at last reluctantly turned their mules' heads in the direction of Nicolosi. The descent was intensely fatiguing, from the continual jerking and slipping of their beasts; and they arrived more dead than alive at the kind Professor's house, after being more than eight hours in the saddle. A few hours later found them once more in the burning sunshine of Catania where the thermometer in the shade was 86°, while it had been 27°, on the mountain—a difference in one day of 59° degrees of temperature. But no difficulties should discourage the traveller from attempting the ascent of Ætna, which is worth coming the whole way from England for itself alone. A few days later saw our party on the deck of the Vatican steamer, *en route* for Naples, carrying away with them recollections of enjoyment and kindness such as will ever associate piety in their minds with pleasant thoughts and grateful memories.

Last Days of Lacordaire.

WE have endeavoured in former articles to give some account of the earlier career of Lacordaire, his connection with the *Avenir*, his characteristics as a great preacher, and his labours for the introduction into France of the religious Order to which he devoted himself. We shall now attempt to complete our sketch of this remarkable man by considering what has been made known to us of his more interior life as a religious, and his labours during the few last years of his life, when he was chiefly employed in the formation of a Third Order of Teachers, attached to the Dominican body, and in the government of the School at Sorèze, which was his last great work. But before passing on to these subjects, it will be well to say a few words upon an episode in his later career which has perhaps attracted more criticism and been more misunderstood than any other part of his life—we mean the position which he took up as a politician and a journalist after the Revolution of 1848. The unpublished memoirs dictated by him shortly before his death are full of information on this subject, and we have also some interesting pages upon it in the short work which M. de Montalembert has consecrated to the memory of his friend and colleague in the Constituent Assembly of 1848.

The overthrow of the Government of Louis Philippe came like a thunderclap upon France and upon Europe, and it is probable that but few of those who brought it about had any intention of doing so. It was a remarkable instance of the way in which accidental and inadequate causes produce effects which a thoughtful and clear-sighted philosophy might nevertheless have predicted as certain to happen sooner or later. The constitutional monarchy of France, a form of government which probably had far more adherents among educated and intelligent Frenchmen than any other, fell in a moment because it had neglected to secure itself upon any solid and durable basis, and had had the weakness to shrink from its pledges as to the liberty of religion, out of obedience to the interested clamours of men who were in reality far more bigoted than any of those whom they denounced as bigots. The wonderful and unexpected moderation of those who triumphed in February 1848 is one of the best proofs that the nation was unprepared for the revolution. But it was a terribly anxious time for the friends of order and religion; for the

lower elements of society were stirred to their depths, and the leaders of the secret conspiracy against the peace of Europe and of the Church were sure not to be slow in endeavouring to turn the popular excitement in the direction most convenient for the furtherance of their own selfish and pernicious aims. We may attribute the prevention of a multitude of evils, and the comparative innocuousness of the storm which threatened so much devastation, to the general feeling as to the necessity of personal exertion and combined action which spread itself among the more influential and enlightened ranks of the nation, and to the public spirit which induced so many men of distinction and character, but of different parties, to accept the infant Republic generously, and expose themselves readily to the dangerous hazards which such an acceptance involved.

The common view of Lacordaire's conduct at this crisis may probably be said to suppose that he had always had strong democratic and republican sympathies, that he hailed with joy the overthrow of the monarchy, and hastened eagerly to take a prominent part in the new state of things, from which, however, he was soon to retire either from inconstancy or disappointment, or because the course which he desired to pursue was disagreeable to his ecclesiastical superiors.* The whole episode is considered one of the failures of his life: but it looks very different when we come to examine the facts. Lacordaire had never been a republican. His principles were liberal, though he was radically unlike many "liberals" of our time in that he contended for the independence of the Church from secular control, and for the perfect liberty of her ministers and her children to educate, to instruct, to associate themselves together, and to follow without hindrance the counsels of Jesus Christ. He was no unpromising adherent of a particular dynasty or a particular family: and he thus incurred, from those who thought every one a revolutionist who was not an Orleanist or a Legitimist, the reproach of

* The *Times* at the time, with even more than its usual inaccuracy, circulated a detailed account of Father Lacordaire which had the singular happiness of being in every particular untrue. According to this account, Lacordaire had been a pupil of Talma: he had pleaded, while at the bar, a cause at Carpentras which brought him in contact with some "object of affection" as to whom he was disappointed, and so rushed off to hide himself in the Dominican Order: and he was obliged to resign his seat in the Assembly because the Archbishop insisted on his speaking, against his convictions, in defence of the endowment of the clergy. Lacordaire had never spoken to Talma, or been at Carpentras: he had been a priest for eleven years when he became a Dominican; and at the very time that he was sitting in the Assembly he was writing articles in the *Ere Nouvelle* in defence of the "clerical budget."

being a democrat in the fullest sense of the name. It was repeated of him pertinaciously, notwithstanding the utter absence of foundation for the charge in his own words or actions, notwithstanding also his continual disclaimers. His sympathies were more with a limited and parliamentary monarchy than with any other form of government, and he thought it an impossible task to establish a republic in France, which had been governed for so many centuries by kings. Nor was he fond of the political sphere of action, nor did he think himself capable of succeeding in it if he were to aim at taking a leading part. In 1848, in particular, he was strongly reluctant to appear as a politician, and he only did so at the cost of real violence to himself. But he did not feel at liberty to refuse to exercise the great influence which his character and position gave to him, for the purpose of preserving the harmony which had hitherto existed between the new order of things and the interests of religion, and of securing for France, from the feeble hands of the republic, some of those social and moral benefits which had been denied to her by both the dynasties which had occupied the throne since the fall of Napoleon. The urgent pressure of Frederic Ozanam and other friends was brought to bear on him to induce him to this decision, and when at last he entered the Assembly as deputy for the city of Marseilles, he was one of more than a dozen ecclesiastics, bishops or priests, who took their seats as representatives of the people.

He had already reappeared in his old character of a journalist. The new Catholic paper, the *Ere Nouvelle*, of which he was for a time the principal manager, was started almost immediately after the revolution of February. Though strongly liberal, it maintained an honourable freedom from excess and from party spirit, and it obtained a public expression of adhesion from the Archbishop of Paris. Its success was at times great, but Father Lacordaire soon found that he was out of his element in political conflicts, and, moreover, many of his colleagues in the direction of the paper desired to give it a more decidedly democratic tone than was congenial to him. After some months, he retired from all part in its management. We need hardly recount the few incidents of his career as a member of the Assembly. M. de Montalembert has preserved an account of some interrogations which Lacordaire had to undergo before one of the clubs of Paris at the time that he was a candidate, in which he defended his friend against some censures made upon his famous speech in the Chamber of Peers on the Swiss question, and declared that he himself was no "radical," and acknowledged no "fathers of 1793" as his political ancestors. But Lacordaire seems to have been too unwilling to see

any harm in that which presented itself under the name of liberty, and too guileless as well as too little of a student of the details of political action to understand the follies and the crimes of those who pretended to lead the popular movement in France and elsewhere. He seemed to some to adopt, not only the results of the revolution of February, but that revolution itself, just as at a later time he sympathised with the Italian revolution, until the real intentions of its promoters were disclosed by the profligate assault on the rights of the Holy See, though Count Cavour had from the very first pursued a course of oppression and vexation towards the Church which appeared to have for its main object the rendering impossible any reconciliation between Rome and the new kingdom. Lacordaire looked on things in the abstract, and gave some of the worst enemies of religion and their country that have ever appeared in Italian history credit for the pure and high motives which would have guided his own conduct had he been in their position. His short political career in Paris was marked by the same undue confidence, leading him into steps which appeared extreme. He took his seat in the Constituent Assembly at the very summit of the "Mountain," and one of the two speeches which he delivered from the tribune was practically in favour of the "red" party. He afterwards acknowledged that he had made a mistake in the position which he had assumed, when he found himself the companion of men with whom he could have no real sympathy, and who expected that those who acted with them in any thing should be ready to do so in every thing. Lacordaire was, in truth, too simple, too generous, too credulous, and perhaps too impetuous for political life, and he was greatly deficient in that practical knowledge of men of the world which is necessary for any one who would move among them as one of themselves. When, not without some feeling of disappointment and failure, he resigned his seat in the Assembly after a very short tenure of it, he said truly enough that his retirement into his own sphere of action would come to be considered one of his most praiseworthy actions. It might have cost him more, or it might have been longer delayed, if his motives in entering on his short political career had been less pure and unselfish than they were. He always considered himself as in some sort a representative man: his singular fame and influence as an orator, the circumstances of his life, and particularly his success in introducing into France the proscribed Order of St. Dominic, seemed to force on him the responsibility of the choice between declaring that the new state of things in 1848 was not to be reconciled with religion by abstaining altogether from public action, and coming forward at the cost of repose and even reputation to lend

a helping hand in the restoration of social and political order, so rudely shaken by sudden and, seemingly, purposeless revolution. Of these two alternatives, Lacordaire was certain to take the latter, as a duty laid upon him alike by his love for his country and his love for the Church. He was guided by the same pure motives, when, many years later, he was proposed as a candidate for the suffrages of the French Academy, and thus carried the robe of a religious of St. Dominic into that celebrated assembly, into which all literary and intellectual excellence in France aims at finding its way. He considered that religion was honoured in his person, and that it was therefore a duty not to refuse the distinction.

The short interval of Lacordaire's political activity which followed on the revolution of 1848 did not prevent him, as we have already said, from occupying the pulpit of Notre Dame as usual during the three years which followed. At the end of the Lent of 1851, he seemed to himself to have run through the divisions of the great subject which he had undertaken to handle, and his closing words in that year had therefore much of the character of a leave-taking, though neither he nor his audience anticipated that they were the last he would utter in that Cathedral. He preached but once in Paris after the *coup d'état* of December 1851. It was in February 1852. The sermon was in the church of St. Roch,—the same in which, so many years before, he had made his unsuccessful *début*—and was in aid of the charitable work of the Ecoles Chrétiennes. It was never, we believe, published, though considerable extracts from it are to be found in the memoir of Lacordaire by M. de Montalembert. The text was taken from the words of David to Solomon, *Esto vir*, and the preacher treated of the necessity for Christian manliness both in public and private life. There were certainly some passages which, though perfectly true and by no means unequivocally pointed at any one in power, may still have been understood as reflections on what had lately taken place. After speaking of the difference between great talents and true nobility of character and heart, and the possible separation of the two classes of endowments, Lacordaire said, "Celui qui emploie des moyens misérables même pour faire le bien, même pour sauver son pays, celui-là demeure toujours un misérable." The sermon also contained some remarks on the struggle between the first Napoleon and Pius VII., and on the attempt of the former to make himself master of Spain. It does not appear that either at this time or at any time later, Lacordaire or his friends received any direct intimation that he was to preach no more in Paris. But it seems to have been understood that it was expedient for him to retire, and for the rest of his life

he confined himself to the provinces. In 1854 he preached some very celebrated Conferences in the Cathedral of Toulouse, and announced his intention of continuing the course in the following year : but here again motives of prudence came in to prevent him from fulfilling his design. He was still in the prime of life, the fire of his eloquence had not spent itself, he was perhaps more able, in the maturity of his powers, to attract and enchain the attention and sympathy of the vast multitudes that listened to him than when the excitement caused by his appearance was fresh and young. Much eloquence of various kinds was extinguished by the inevitable policy of the strong government which has lately ruled France : in no case was silence more real a loss to the cause of truth and religion than in that of Lacordaire.

The great orator himself set far too little store by the exercise of his powers, and was far too well acquainted with the secrets of interior peace and tranquillity, to fret and chafe uselessly under the expediency which banished him from Paris, and fettered his tongue even in the rest of France. He was as ready to withdraw from the eye of the public as any of his enemies might have been to drive him into retirement. One of the most interesting of his remaining letters is contained in his correspondence with Madame Swetchine, under the date of May 6th, 1852, and relates to his motives for wishing not again to appear in the pulpit of Notre Dame. He speaks of his own inability to remain so closely tied to Monseigneur Sibour, whom he considered to have engaged himself too deeply with the new Government, and from whom, for the sake of the numbers who looked to him as a kind of leader, he thought it well to separate himself for the future. He distrusts, moreover, his own perfect self-command, in the case of every word being watched and noted. "I am certain," he says, "that no party will ever support me, because I will never pledge myself to any party of men : I am also certain of another thing, that if I remain in a too conspicuous position, I shall be always exposing myself to the side attacks of my enemies by the *naïveté* of my impressions and the boldness of my language. The very nature of my audience, which is composed of young souls, draws on my own : I am always becoming young again under the warmth of contact with them, and as I am unable to make any definite preparation for what I say, I can never be sure of keeping myself under the restraints of a prudence that would freeze me to ice." So he goes back to his long-cherished plan of writing for the rest of his days. "I have paid my debt in the way of preaching : why should I refuse myself for the days which remain to me the ineffable consolation of writing in peace for the sake of God ? Writing is never

a tempest, and no writing has ever been less troublous than mine. Not a line of what I have written has raised a discussion, though I have treated of the most delicate and most controverted points in theology. The reason is, that, in writing, the mind is entirely in possession of itself; nothing is thrown between it and God so as to snatch from it an expression. One day, if people read me, they will be unable to understand how agitated my career has been, and, in truth, I can hardly understand it myself. I find in myself so much gentleness, so much disinclination to what is extreme, so simple a constancy in moderate opinions, that I can hardly be sufficiently astonished at myself, when I consider what has proceeded from so peaceful a source. I can only give myself an account of it by the remark that I have never belonged to any one." He had thought of confining himself to homilies in parish churches, such as those which he had preached in the Church of the Carmes at Paris; but even here he fears that he may speak too boldly. On the whole, he falls naturally back on the life of solitude and prayer.

The sketch given by Père Chocarne of the interior and religious life of Lacordaire must also be taken into account when we consider the resources which fitted him for retirement and quiet. The volume which he has devoted to the memory of his great religious brother could not have been more appropriately named than from this its most interesting part. It is a most important and indispensable contribution to our knowledge of Lacordaire, whose character could never be rightly understood or fully appreciated without it. Externally, even after his decisive step in adopting the religious habit, Lacordaire wears an appearance of agitation and éclat, of great public triumphs and some ventures on popularity which have been paralleled in the careers of some who have been led into extravagance or presumption by success, or who have betrayed imperfection and want of balance or solidity in times of trial, or when they have come to be intimately and privately known. Lacordaire's life is marked by breaks and turning points at which some secret power seems always to have been at hand to guide him right when his path was beset with difficulties. Such was the moment at which he broke off from M. de la Mennais: such was that at which he retired for the first time from the pulpit of Notre Dame: such was that also when he gave up the attempt which he had entered on of reconciling in his own person the politician and the priest on the benches of the Constituent Assembly: such we may also account, as he himself did, the time of his final relinquishment of his great position in Paris in 1852. It is at passages such as these that the inner life of a man acts on his outward course most signally and most efficaciously. It is not that

a man's external conduct is at any time independent of the influence of that life of the soul, the mind, and the heart, which is our true existence : but it is in moments of sudden trial and emergency that the hollowness and rottenness of a life that has long been only external are at last forced to betray themselves.

The narrative of Père Chocarne shows us the real strength and the secret springs of Lacordaire's character. If he had not been remarkable for eloquence and as a leader of thought and action, he would still have left a name behind him in the Order of St. Dominic as a religious of eminent saintliness. A man already illustrious, and accustomed to the peculiar fascinations which surround the successful orator, could hardly have been subjected to a more severe trial than that of the simple and monotonous routine of a religious novitiate. Lacordaire was remarkable at La Quercia, as afterwards at Bosco, and in all the houses of his Order which he successively inhabited in France, for humility, regularity, exactness, and faithfulness in small duties. His piety was characteristically deep, fervent, and simple. It was a part of his nature to feel keenly and intensely without being able to express or show what he felt. The warmth of his heart seemed pent up and overlaid by wrappings of impenetrable thickness : he was cold, dull, stiff, dry, taciturn, inexpressive, immovable ; it required the violence of charity or suffering to set his sympathies free from their prison. The ruling passion of his interior life was an intense love for our Blessed Lord, especially in his sufferings. The crucifix was always in His heart. This love produced in him, as a natural fruit, that singular passion for penance which was his characteristic. It showed itself in every possible way. He was always eager to acknowledge his faults in public, and seek punishments for them. He had always some one at hand whose office it was to correct and reprimand him severely for any negligence or immortification that was perceived in him. He was continually repeating general confessions of his sins, not only to priests, but to simple lay brothers, whom he chose as his assistants in self-humiliation. His actual penances were frequent and severe, and often inflicted, at his urgent instance, by the hands of others. He carried this love of bodily suffering as a preparation for the reception of grace so far as to make it often the chief part of his preparation for Mass or of his thanksgiving afterwards. Suffering was his way, not only of taming nature, but of rousing his strangely torpid feelings to warmth and devotion. One so severe with himself was sure to be in the main gentle and indulgent with others : but we are told that he did not shrink from urging on them the strong measures with which he had made himself so familiar, when a softer method

of treatment seemed unlikely to succeed in bringing about their conversion, and Providence led many men to the door of his confessional who required all the severity of his charity. Not every one was able to follow him as a spiritual guide, but there are always numberless souls who are fitted for no other kind of direction. His heart was as easily unlocked to those whom he found ready to embrace his counsels, as to the great audiences who kindled the fire of his eloquence, which would hardly have blazed so high without their help.

We have already mentioned how much Father Lacordaire was all his life drawn towards young people. The greatest, at least the most conspicuous, of his works, the Conferences of Notre Dame, were originally designed for young students, and his first successes as an orator, those which paved the way for him to the pulpit of the metropolitan church, were addressed to the same class of hearers. There is something at once grand and touching about the last seven years of his life, of which it now remains for us to speak. A great and vigorous intelligence withdrawn in the full maturity of its powers from the more common fields of public action—a powerful voice silent, at least in the chief haunts of mental activity and literary culture, in the cities which are the headquarters alike of political and social movement and of ecclesiastical organisation, and heard only in the outskirts of some provincial town by a congregation of artisans and factory girls, or by a crowd of schoolboys—these are scarcely subjects of congratulation and joy to the admirers of men whose equals appear but once or twice in a century, or from whom the circumstances of the Church at their particular time may seem to require the energetic exertion of their utmost influence and industry. But Lacordaire was probably never more at home or more himself than during the last years of his life, spent among the pupils of the restored school of Sorèze. Sorèze had been a famous military college, under the management of Benedictine Fathers, for the century which preceded the great French Revolution. It had then been remarkable for a good religious spirit, as well for the successes achieved by its pupils. It was continued by an ex-Benedictine under the government of Napoleon, not without much of its former prosperity in many respects; but it lost the better part of its renown by discarding its religious traditions. It went on with varied fortunes till 1830, when it began to decline rapidly. In 1840 it was purchased by a party of Catholics, who intrusted it to some good secular priests: these again were after some years too glad to resign it into the hands of Père Lacordaire and his Dominicans. He took possession in 1854, and remained fixed there till his death in 1861.

Lacordaire devoted his whole energies to the work of raising the school from the state into which it had sunk. He reformed, and reformed with severity, but he so tempered strictness with prudence, and exerted himself so much to win upon the students by his personal influence that no complaints were made, and every one entered heartily into the spirit of the new arrangements. He gives a formidable list of his innovations in a letter to Madame Swetchine, written a few months after his installation as director. He had suppressed the Easter holidays, the plays at the end of the year and at Carnival time, the liberty of "*sortie*" once a month: he made the pupils rise half an hour earlier than before (they were now to rise at five, winter and summer), he allowed no exercise except in times of recreation, cut down the music-classes, increased the hours of study: "*enfin*," he says, "*j'ai tout bouleversé au profit du travail et de la sévérité.*" We have omitted in this catalogue one most characteristic measure, which the young gentlemen probably felt more severely than many of the rest. This was the prohibition of the sale to the pupils of sweets, cakes, pastry, and other such indispensables. Lacordaire was a Spartan in his hatred of lollypops and effeminiacities of every kind. He caught some of his pupils with eider-down cushions on their beds: "we must leave these things," he said, "for women and invalids." We may imagine that the suppression of the sweets must have made the cup of discontent overflow: it was a measure which Keate would hardly have ventured on at Eton, or Arnold at Rugby. Strange to say, the pupils at Sorèze bore with equanimity both being roused from their beds at five all the year round and being debarred from tarts and sugarcandy. Whether they felt that they had a master to deal with in Lacordaire, we know not; but at all events it seems that they knew that they had in him a true Father, and that this was the secret of the wonderful success which attended him in his labours for the School. Many of his changes were compensated for in other ways. He gave more holidays during the year to make up for the suppressed vacation. Though the fun and excitement of acting plays was taken away for ever, he gave lessons of reading and elocution himself, taking some scene of Corneille or Racine, to supply the advantages in these respects which might have been derived from the representations. The restriction of the music-classes was but a part of a general reaction against the principles of education on which Sorèze had been conducted under its Benedictine teachers. One of them had revolted against the system which he found in possession, by which the pupil seems to have been consigned to a single master for his whole course of study, learning from him all that he could get in each

different department of his education. The good Benedictine had introduced a multitude of special professors, and had reduced very much the exclusive prerogatives of classical studies, in favour of mathematics, science, and accomplishments. The pupil was allowed to follow his own special bent in the selection of his classes, and Sorèze had thus become a small University, with a great complexity of hours and arrangements to suit various tastes. The modern anti-classical system of education is thus found full-blown in a Benedictine school in France before the great Revolution. It was introduced by monks, and was strenuously opposed by the lay Universities of the time. The plan of studies at Sorèze seems in great part to have survived the various changes which passed over the establishment: Lacordaire cut away the remainder, and conformed himself simply to the general system of the modern University. His own tastes would probably have led him still further in the direction of simplicity in the matters of instruction. We fear that whatever were the compensations with which he qualified his other changes, he was quite insensible to the grievances of the lovers of sweet things. He even cut down the expenses of the refreshments provided for certain occasional *soirées* at which all the pupils met, and to which he attached much importance as practising them in the courtesies of society, and giving their professors an opportunity of becoming familiar with them on almost equal terms. But he spared himself no exertion and no expense of time to gain for himself their confidence and attachment. He spent long hours with them at their recreations, relating anecdotes of his own school-days, asking questions to draw out their thoughts and improve them in the art of conversation. He joined in, or rather led, their occasional walking expeditions into the country: his room was always open to their visits. He had established a system of distinctions which stimulated their emulation and industry: an "Athenæum" into which admission was only to be secured by some considerable literary performance, an "Institute" numbering only twelve members, the highest body in the school, living apart from the rest, and exempt from the usual disciplinary restrictions, as if they had already passed into the higher stage of existence of University students. These last spent a large part of their time with Father Lacordaire, and were in fact his companions.

The measures taken by him to revive the spirit of religion among his pupils were equally prudent, equally successful, and equally self-sacrificing. His first step was to proclaim that no one was to be forced to the discharge of his religious duties; the consequence was, that the boys crowded to them with a frequency which had almost

to be checked. They vied with one another in the matter. Father Lacordaire heard the confessions of a large number of them, and was very painstaking in the performance of this duty. He never put them off. M. de Montalembert tells us that on one occasion he endeavoured to persuade Father Lacordaire to remain in Paris for a day or two longer than the time which he had allotted to his visit, and that his friend refused on the ground that it might interfere with some one of his children at Sorèze who was preparing himself for communion on an approaching festival. He was equally scrupulous in the discharge of the duty of preacher. He preached once a fortnight during the year, once a week during Lent: and he spent a week in preparing each of his sermons. His age, his many occupations, his fluency, were not allowed to excuse him from this toil of careful preparation. He continued this custom for the seven years of his residence at Sorèze, though after the first four he had to discharge the office of Provincial as well as that of Director of Sorèze. Unfortunately this long series of discourses has only been preserved in his skeleton notes.

Sorèze was, as we have said, to be the last stage in the chequered life of Lacordaire. In the autumn of 1858, he was re-elected Provincial of his Order in France, but this did not prevent him from keeping at his post as the Director of the College. The chief incident in his second Provincialate was the recovery for the Dominican Order of one of the most famous of its ancient sanctuaries—the monastery of St. Maximin, near la Sainte Beaulme, the retreat of St. Mary Magdalene. Lacordaire had the gratification of placing his novice-students in this new abode, which he looked upon as a sort of citadel for the Order in France, in the summer of 1859. His last publication (as we believe) was the little book on St. Mary Magdalene, which is a commemoration of this event. He had lately published three Letters of a long series which he had projected, under the title of *Lettres à un jeune homme sur la vie chrétienne*,—but his increasing labours and the weak health into which he soon fell prevented its continuation. He had also lately written a biographical notice on his valued friend, Frederic Ozanam. In the winter of 1860, he went to Paris about the business of his election as member of the Academy; he returned to Sorèze in a state of great fatigue, and neglected a cold which he chanced to catch. Though feeling his weakness, he would not abandon his sermons in the College Chapel during Lent. Passion-tide found him confined to his bed. He was engaged to preach at St. Maximin at the end of May, when the relics of St. Mary Magdalene were to be solemnly translated: a number of bishops were to be present, as well as a crowd of friends and well-wishers from all parts

of France. Though ill, Lacordaire started to keep his engagement: but he was so worn out when he arrived at Montpellier, that he was obliged to return home. It was the first time, he complained, that his body had refused to do what he wished. In the summer he was sent to some baths at Rennes les Bains, where his friend, the Abbé Henri Perreyve, joined him: but he could not bear the kind of life that he had to lead at the baths, and came away after three weeks' trial. In September, he chose a Vicar to assist him as Provincial, but he was himself one of those men who can never let others do work for which they are themselves responsible. He laboured on as before. At the beginning of 1861 he had again to go to Paris—it was for the last time—to take his seat in the Academy, and pronounced his graceful answer to the graceful speech with which M. Guizot, according to the custom of that famous body, was deputed to welcome him on his admission. Feeble as he was on his return, he gave up hearing the confessions of his pupils, but he did not abandon his usual sermons to them. This last year he preached upon Duty. He paid a last visit to St. Maximin after Easter. The summer of 1861 found him growing still weaker: he was persuaded, much against his will, to try the effect of a change of air and diet at Becquigny, where he remained for six weeks, and for a time seemed to regain strength. At last a friendly and merciful doctor in Paris—M. Rayer—prescribed for him a course of Vichy waters at home, and he returned once more to his beloved Sorèze. But his malady gained ground daily, he was obliged at last to remain entirely in bed, and at the end of August, finally resigned his Provincialate. As he lingered on, friends came from all parts to take leave of him, and it is to the visit thus paid him by M. de Montalembert that we owe the Memoirs dictated by Lacordaire on his death-bed at the suggestion of so old and highly-valued a friend. It was a last and a heroic effort. Lacordaire faded away almost insensibly. The Holy Father, who more than once sent him his Apostolical Blessing, told Père Jandel, the General of the Order, that he regarded this long illness, during which he was never deprived in any degree of his mental power, as a special favour of Heaven, preparing him more perfectly through so much suffering to appear in the presence of God. At the end of October, a crisis came on, but he put off receiving the last Sacraments when they were offered him, saying that he would tell his brethren when it was time. A week later, he received the holy Viaticum, but he lingered on and on till the feast of Our Lady's Presentation. The day before he was thought to be in his agony, and the last prayers were said: but though he spoke no more, life was still there. A novena of prayer had been made for him through all the Province before the

Feast: and at last, when the night was far advanced, he died so quietly as that those present were not aware that he was gone till some moments afterwards.

We do not even yet possess all that remains of Father Lacordaire, nor have we yet heard all that can be said about him. His life was to have been written by his friend and pupil Henri Perreyve, but he too has been already withdrawn from us, before he had reached his prime. It is understood that one of the few old surviving friends of Father Lacordaire, M. Foisset, has undertaken the task. Madame Swetchine, who died but a short time before him, used to say that his letters alone revealed what a man he was. Many of these letters have been published, and they fully support the judgment passed on them by his devoted and most valued friend. It is perhaps hardly to be expected that his whole correspondence should immediately be given to the world: but Catholic France will certainly not be slow to collect all possible materials for a fitting tribute to the memory of one of the greatest of the many noble champions of truth and religion whose names will shine like stars in the annals of her renovated Church.

A Stormy Life ;

OR

QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR AGAIN.

I REMEMBER that one day at Sheen, being sad because no tidings reached me from Jeanne, and only uncertain reports of Monseigneur Gille's lengthened imprisonment and the ill usage he endured, I went into the garden and sat there on the grass in the shade with some of the Queen's maids. At first the merriment of these damsels sounded harshly in my ill-disposed ears, so I leant my head against a tree and feigned to be asleep. Whilst they were gayly devising, my thoughts were far away, picturing to myself a dungeon in France and a fair comely face grown wan with long captivity. Yet I noted their speeches, which, from the well-known sound of each one's voice, I easily distinguished. Albeit in no cheerful mood, their joylity little by little infected me with mirth. The buzzing tongues, light prattle, and gleesome bursts of laughter matched the music of the birds in that pretty grove. Partly from a natural heavy humour, and a pensive melancholy which early sorrows have engendered, I am not prone to merriment; but when others are gay around me, it lightens my heart; and this contagion is wholesome, for over-gravity breeds moroseness, and ill becomes youth.

Since I began to write, four years ago, many changes have come to pass in this young circle. One hath died, some have married, and new damsels fill their places. Ten little maidens of noble families, not yet twelve years of age, have also been taken into the Queen's household for nurture and instruction; but they do not company with the maids of honour. Only the Lady Margaret Beaufort, because the Queen shows her especial favour, is often to be seen in her majesty's private chambers. I thought that time, when we were sitting under the lime-tree at Sheen, that some of those to whose discourse I then lent a lazy ear would perchance one day play a part on life's stage; that the dawning loveliness of one would expand into beauty, entangling many in its meshes; the sprouting wit of another set the world gaping with wonder; a third leave behind her at her death an admirable odour of sanctity; a fourth become perhaps an outcast or a heretic—which God defend! Life in its outset resembles a roll of parchment, which little by little unfolds its pages; and, to turn a grave thought into a merry one, I

will relate what the Duchess of Bedford said to Lord Bonville when he boasted he was made of the stuff which heroes are fashioned of: "O, good my lord," her grace replied; "let us see one ell of that stuff, I pray you, that we may judge of the rest."

Little Margaret Beaufort's voice first struck on mine ear. I heard her say, "What flower do you love best, Mrs. Katherine Strange?" (This was one of the new maids of honour.)

"The rose," that damsel replied.

"And you, Isminia Scales?"

"Why, Peg, methinks I like the sweet-william most."

Then some one near me whispered to another, "'Tis pity there is no blossom called the sweet-henry." A laugh ensued; for it was well known this lady was like to wed Henry Bouchier, Lord Essex's second son, and was not a little fond of him.

Then in an aggrieved voice Mistress Isminia said, "Methinks persons which live in glass houses should not throw stones."

"Peradventure," said another, "Mistress Katherine thinketh the rose which she prefers, if called by any other name would smell as sweet, and that an ill-sounding name is no disadvantage to a comely gentleman."

Then all laughed; for it had been bruited at court that Mistress Katherine had tormented the Queen to write for her a letter to Mr. Nicholas Strange, her father, to press him forthwith to consent to the fulfilment of her contract with Robert Bugdon; and I knew this to be true, for I had copied it myself; and methought her majesty was very peremptory with that gentleman, for she charged him, desired, prayed him, and on God's behalf exhorted and required him, to incline to the accomplishment of that marriage without delay or impediment.

Pretty Mistress Katherine waxed very red, and said one name was as good as another, but for her part she would as lief not marry a man called Bouchier, for in French that meant butcher.

Johanna Dacre then said that she liked no flower so well as a pansy.

"You should call it 'heart's-ease,' Joan," cried Gwendoline Talbot, Lord Lisle's daughter; "'tis a more comfortable name."

"Nay, I see not that," quoth Johanna.

"O yes," rejoined the other, "for in French a pansy is a pensée, and that means thought; and thought, mesdames, is troublesome, and often robs folks of their rest."

"Come!" exclaimed some one,—Mary Beaumont I think,— "there is a lady there which is a great thinker, and yet is not robbed of her sleep."

"Who said that?" I asked, opening mine eyes. They all laughed, and cried I should guess; but I would not—I was too sleepy. So after a pause one said,

"O, Maud Everingham! I ween you have had a letter this morn from Isabel Woodville."

"I pray you call her Elisabeth," said another.

"Nay, call her Bessy," little Margaret Beaufort cried. "Pretty

winsome Bessy! but, mesdames, as the Queen says when she speaks to you, I am greatly displeased that none of you have chosen her majesty's flower and mine—the white and pink daisy; is it not a very fair one?"

"We all wear the daisy in our hearts," Lady Gwendoline Talbot said. "But now, Maud," she added, "prithce, let us hear Bell or Bessy's letter. 'Tis a pity she was not called Jacquetta, like her mother; but when this was proposed, I have heard, her grace exclaimed, 'Forsooth, no! These English would call her Jacket, which would be an unseemly name.'"

"Now, now, let Maud read," cried several voices; but Maud refused to read or show the letter, to the no small vexation of those damsels; for methinks such as live at court have a greater craving for any kind of news or reports touching the concerns of others than any other persons in the world. Howsoever, when they had dispersed, which happened soon, when they found Maud was resolved not to yield to their entreaties, she took the missive from her bosom and gave it into my hands, desiring my counsel thereon. As it seemeth to me a notable thing that two personages of great merit and nobility should address a young lady touching the suit of a private gentleman, I transcribe Mistress Woodville's epistle.

"WELL-BELOVED MAUD,—I thank you for your gentle letter, full tenderly written to me some time ago; and I doubt not you marvel that I have so long delayed to reply thereunto. I cry you mercy, sweet Maud, for this my slothful behaviour. Verily, I am a more hearty lover than a ready writer, and I have had to pen two letters this week; and to whom you would never guess—no, not if you exercised your wit from this time to doomsday. What think you, mistress? Should it not be a wonderful thing if the Duke of York and the great young Earl of Warwick should demean themselves to write with their own hands to simple Elisabeth Woodville, though indeed she hath a very noble princess for her mother! But methinks they might have employed their pens to a better purpose than to try to persuade a poor maiden to wed a landless knight, albeit a very excellent gentleman—I mean that long-patient, silent wooer you wot of, Sir Hugh John, who never could find courage to speak for himself. And so nothing will serve this humble man but that the Duke of York, forsooth, must turn suitor in his behalf; for, saith his grace, 'he is credibly informed that his well-beloved knight Sir Hugh John, for the great womanhood and gentleness approved in my person, hath wholly given unto me his heart. Howbeit, he adds, my disposition towards him is yet unknown. But he doth heartily pray me to be well willed to the performing of this his desire, and I shall therein do him pleasure; and further, also, he doubts not my great weal and worship in time to come.' Great weal, in sooth, it should prove to live in Wales and be a poor man's wife! I had as lief be a nun. Howsoever, the Duke adds, that if I fulfil his intent in this matter, he will be to him and me such lord as shall be to both our great advantage. This caused me to reflect a little, for

to precipitate in these matters sheweth little prudence. John Gray also desires to do me worship in the way of marriage, and would be the best husband of the twain. But I would not suddenly deny the Duke's wishing, and so wrote a humble letter to say the knight could come to Grafton, and I would civilly entertain him; which I did, to John Gray's no small discontent, who hath heard of it. But when Sir Hugh pressed his suit too warmly, I dismissed him with an obliging answer, neither wholly denying or allowing of his suit; which is what her grace my mother advised me. But yesterday I received a letter from the Earl of Warwick which I copy entire, that you may judge if I have need of good counsel, when I am so pressed by two such mighty advocates.

'Worshipful and well-beloved,—I greet you well. And forasmuch my right well-beloved Sir Hugh John, which now late was with you unto his full great joy, and had great cheer, as he saith (methinks the gentleman was easily contented), whereof I thank you, hath informed me now that he hath unto your person, as well as for the great seriousness and wisdom that he hath found and proved in you at that time, as for your great and praised beauty and womanly demeaning, he desireth with all haste to do you worship by the way of marriage, before any other creature living, as he saith. I, considering his said desire and the great worship that he had, which was made knight at Jerusalem, and after his coming home, for the great wisdom and manhood that he was renowned of, was made Knight Marshal of France, and after of England, with other his great virtues and deserts, and also the good and notable service that he hath done and daily doth to me, write unto you at this time and pray you affectuously that you will the rather at this my request and prayer condescend to this his lawful and honest desire, wherein you shall provide notably for yourself unto your weal and worship in time to come, and cause me to show you such good patronage as you by reason of it shall hold you content and pleased, with the grace of God, which everlastingly have you in bliss, protection, and governance.

'Written by the EARL OF WARWICK.'

"Now, well-beloved Maud, herein lieth my perplexity. Patronage is good, but lands are better. The good lordship of these two great peers is not lightly to be thought of; but what if, gaining their favour, I should lose the good opinion of her majesty? Sir Hugh John is a sightly person and a valiant soldier; but methinks the Duchess of Bedford's daughter should not be content to be called Lady John, and her fortunes to depend on a less person than the King. If I marry John Gray, then I wed the heir of the wealthy Lord Ferrers of Groby; and if you and Margaret de Roos will be my good friends in this matter, and speak to the Queen, so that she shall discern that out of loyalty to her majesty I have refused the Duke of York's and Lord Warwick's suitor, then she will, I doubt not, bestow on me an equal dowry to that which she hath granted to Isminia Scales and Joan Dacre, that is, 200*l.*; and then the Lord

Ferrers shall be satisfied, for her grace my mother will give me the portion she hath promised, which you know; and if so, I shall be well content to marry John Gray: in good hour be it. I beseech God send you good health and greater joy in one year than you have had in seven.—Your loving true friend,

“ELISABETH WOODVILLE.

“Written at Grafton Castle,
Tuesday, 14th of July 1449.”

“What think you?” said Maud Everingham, when I returned to her this letter.

I smiled, and answered: “What I think is, that Mistress Elisabeth hath the most innocent countenance and the profoundest cunning of any maiden of her years alive.”

“Some are of opinion,” Maud answered, “that she is simple.”

“Well,” I replied, “there is maybe some simplicity in the plain unvarnished avowal this letter doth contain. Even to a friend some would have feigned to be more generous, and less careful of their own weal.”

“She is the most gentle person on the earth, and of so sweet a disposition, that one must needs like her,” Maud replied. “It is not to be credited how many gentlemen are in love with Bessy, though she is so silent and reserved, that none can affirm she favours their suit. And for all that she has little or no tocher, few damsels have had so many offers of marriage.”

“It is a noticeable thing,” I answered, “that these silent women, if they have beauty and prudence, are the most apt to inspire love. As they show no marked preference for any one, all which admire them are like each to suppose he is most favoured. And if the lady only once smiles, or lifts up her downcast eyes, or accepts a trifling service at his hands, my lord or master is straightway enraptured, and ready to fall at her feet. Then a sweet blush, and a ‘Nay, nay, I pray your lordship,’ or ‘I beseech you, sir, forbear,’ checks the presumptuous lover, and dismisses him for that time without more ado, but not quite in despair. O, I have watched these pretty tricks; and albeit two-thirds of the men in the world—yea, more perhaps—are justly served when women make fools of them, it mislikes me to see a good and brave gentleman like Sir Hugh John caught in their smooth traps.”

“Nay,” cried Maud, “you are too severe.”

“You are too good,” I said. “There is none, be they so full of defects as an egg is of meat, but you defend them. If the devil had need of an advocate—”

“Nay,” she interrupted, with a pained countenance, “say not so, dear Meg. But methinks our Lord God used not bitter words even to the devil, but only drove him away with words of holy writ. But prithee, sweet lady, wilt thou move the Queen to do that good to Elisabeth?”

“For thy sake, Maud, and none other,” I replied. “But I would it had been thee, not she, that was to be married.”

"Married!" she exclaimed. "I'll warrant thee I shall be more nobly wedded than poor Bessy."

"How so?" I asked, surprised.

"No meaner bridegroom than the King of kings can content my ambition," she said. And I then saw her intent was to be a nun. Well, the more I know and hear of courts, and the ups and downs and dire haps of this toilsome world, the greater groweth in me an esteem of the life religious persons lead, albeit I never found in myself any calling thereunto.

The Queen was well pleased to give Mistress Woodville a portion; for she said John Gray was a leal gentleman of good renown, and his father a devoted friend of the late king.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RED ROSE.

A CHANGE hath come over the King. He shows more concern about the Duke of Suffolk's murder than he hath yet evinced at the ill-usage of his friends. The spark of fire in his nature which the Queen hath long laboured to kindle is at last elicited. The spirit of his father awakes. Now that tidings have reached London that one Jack Cade, a mean fellow which calls himself Mortimer, hath raised the mob in Kent,—instigated, many surmise, by the Duke of York,—and is marching towards the city, for the first time the King is roused to action, and takes the lead in his own council. With absolute and royal disdain he rejects the insolent petitions of Master Amendall, this common fellow, and new reformer of grievances; and nothing will serve his majesty but to command himself his forces against these turbulent aggressors. Methinks this is the most glad hour the Queen hath yet known. If I should live to be a thousand years old, I could not forget her looks. She watches with an inexpressible delight the King's actions, and seems to revive in the new light of his countenance. When she saw him put on his armour, convene his officers, and address them in words which caused them to start with a glad surprise, as if the victor of Agincourt had risen from the dead to lead them, she was well-nigh beside herself with joy.

"See," she whispered to me,—*"see the new fire in my lord's eye. Angel-like as ever is his beauteous face; but now 'tis the avenging archangel, the commissioner of the high God, we behold in him. At the last men will perceive the nobility of his wonderful soul, in which courage equals virtue, and a passionate love of God marshals all other merits befitting a king and a hero."*

I saw her ride forth from the palace this morn by the side of her lord, apparelled in warlike guise, which became her well; the steed which carried her curvetting proudly, as if glorying in his burthen. Her face beamed with a radiant beauty. Thus the queen of Amazons should have looked, or the pictured goddess of war leading captive kings in her train. Her chest seemed to expand, and

her slight form to dilate, with the chivalrous spirit which fired her dark eye. The smile with which she greeted the old Lord Shrewsbury when he came to her side was bright enough to illuminate the world with its shine. Ever and anon I saw her casting quick glances at the King, whose cheek was flushed with warlike ardour, and his eye sparkling with an unwonted vivacity.

Some hours' suspense have elapsed. I went into the Abbey to pray at St. Edward's tomb; for in prayer alone could I find strength to endure this waiting for news.

A messenger hath come. Joy, O, joy greater than can be thought of! The very sight of the royal troops, and the report of his majesty's presence, hath dissolved the rebel bands like snow melts in the sunshine. They have dispersed in disorder, and Jack Cade himself hath fled, 'tis reported, to the thickets behind Seven Oaks. An easy victory is at hand. A council, hastily gathered together on the field, is taking measures for the pursuit and the final rout of these miscreants by the King, who shall firmly settle his glorious rule. O, my Queen, this joyful hour hath come! What a glad return shall be thine!

The night hath come. Its dark veil is spread over the sky; and how deep a shade of gloom hath fallen on my heart! O God! O God! too well I foresee the mournful hap. O God! to look on that face so glad this morn, and see it as it will be this night when she arrives! Henry Bouchier hath ridden from the field. I met him on the stairs. "Is the King defeated?" I cried, trembling. "No, not defeated," quoth he in a surly tone; "I had as lief it was so." "Heavens! what mean you?" I exclaimed. "This," he replied; "that when victory was secure if he advanced, and his name acting with more power than the report of 20,000 men, and every heart beating with joy and triumph that he should prove a king at last, lo, a report goes forth—God forgive me! I could swear, and curse, and grind my teeth at the thought of it; and would it were only a thought, not a miserable deed!—I say, the report goes forth that the King hath resigned the command to Sir Humphrey Stafford, and forthwith returns to London with the Queen. I warrant you, oaths and curses did then abound; for like a dismal cloud on a fair sky, this sinister news dulled ardour, checked loyalty, spread confusion amongst the troops; and when those scattered tinkers hear of it, God knoweth how their courage shall revive!" "Alas for the Queen!" I cried; "I am much sorry for her." "The Queen!" he exclaimed. "Why, nothing would serve the Queen but to bring back the King in this base manner. He would fain have advanced, 'tis thought. He had declared he should not rest or sleep till the last rebel had surrendered. She too was urging—so I was told—a hot pursuit, and with kindling eye and eloquent words urging the lords not to delay one instant, when a panic seized her most strange and sudden. The colour at once forsook her cheeks, her lips quivered, a quaking anguish shook her limbs; she frantically prayed the King to leave the army, would listen to no arguments, but held his arm, and, with large tears streaming from her eyes, besought him to return

with her to London. And when Lord Shrewsbury and others tried to speak to her, she would not heed, but dragged the King aside; and soon I received orders to ride to Westminster to announce their coming back. Heavens! what a poor feeble reed is courage in a woman! I deemed this Queen had been as brave as any man in Christendom; and now, by her cowardly fears, she hath ruined the King; for I tell you, Dame Margaret, the desertion of his troops this day shall never be forgot. This hath been an evil hap for the House of Lancaster!" He went sorrowfully away; and I am waiting in the Queen's chamber.

October 7th.

O, what a return was that on the 25th of September! I dared not lift mine eyes to the Queen's visage when she entered. "Shut the door," she said; and when we were alone fell into mine arms and hid her face in my bosom. The King was for some days reported to be ill, and few went into his chamber. News came soon that the rebels had rallied, caught the royal troops in an ambush, slain Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, and encamped on Blackheath. His Grace of Canterbury and my Lord Buckingham went to parley with them; but that false varlet the pretended Sir John Mortimer would not treat with any, forsooth, but the King in person, and, like a stage-player, strutted about as a king his self in gilt armour. Seditious cries were heard in London, "Long live Mortimer! Long live the Duke of York!" The rebels marched on towards Westminster, and their majesties, with the court, fled to Kenilworth Castle, where I write this.

Last evening the Queen said to me, "Ah, then, Master Bouchier is of opinion that womanly fears moved me to carry back the King to London from the army. If so, he should do well to despise me, although I am a queen and his sovereign. And thou, Meg, dost thou think the same?"

"Madame," I replied, "I think that was the bravest action that your majesty shall ever have, I pray God, to perform."

"Yea," she said in a low voice; "and thou mayest say the like of my flying with my lord to this place when Cade approached London. The day may come when an easier sort of courage will be witnessed in Margaret of Anjou. Hast heard that vile impostor, the pretended knight, smote with his staff on London stone, and cried, 'Now is Mortimer lord of London'? York, the ungrateful duke, the false Plantagenet, is the spring of this vile rabble's rising. Horrors are enacted in London—murders, robberies, and fighting day and night in the streets. But the burgesses are well nigh weary of these reformers. A general pardon will soon be proclaimed by the advice of Waynfleet; but I will have some exceptions made to it. There is one John Payn in prison, the servant of Sir John Falstolf, an obstinate knave, which will not impeach his master of treason; but I know that knight is a traitor, and I will have his head."

This was the first time I had heard the like words from my

mistress's lips, and they fell on mine ear with a grating, ominous sound.

"Yes," she repeated, "he is a partisan of York, and he ill-used my countryman, Champchévrier. I tell you I will have his head."

I heard a sigh, and turning round, saw the door of the King's chamber open. The Queen took me by the hand, and said,

"Come and see his majesty. He used to like thy playing on the gittern;" and she led me in.

When I saw his face, a sort of awe stole over me. It was so still, so calm, like a waveless sea. His eyes were raised to heaven, and his lips moving slowly. The Queen knelt by his side, striving to hear what he said, her eager intent eyes fixed on his motionless form. His voice was a little raised, and I caught these words: "*Demitte nobis debita nostra, sicut nos demittimus debitoribus nostris, et ne nos inducas in tentationem; sed libera nos a malo.*" Had he heard in his silent trance the fierce words she had uttered? Methinks the thought crossed her mind. She kissed his brow and withdrew.

"Meg," she said in a loud voice, with an inexpressibly sorrowful countenance, "the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. But this is not"—she paused—"this is not madness; the mind is not distraught—only absent; far from this earth; in heaven, I sometimes think. But these intervals are short. Soon the King will be restored. I know when these clouds are rising, I discern when they are about to disperse. At Blackheath I saw that awful calm falling like a mist on his spirit, and snatched him from the wild scene. Now thou knowest the secret which, since the Duke of Gloucester's death, hath darkened my young years. There, in the horror of that sudden event, the cloud first showed. I dared not breathe the thought to any living soul; even then the remembrance of King Charles VI.'s malady darted across my brain. Under the seal of confession I disclosed it to the Bishop of Winchester. It was no new light to him. He tried to comfort me, as holy men are wont to do; but he dispelled not my fear. I took counsel from him, and found him wise as well as good; the love of the priest and the aged man for his young King well nigh equalled the passion of the wife poured forth at his feet in those hours when a queen forgets her crown. We have since often devised means for his entertainment, which none know the value of but I, which day by day watch every turn of his countenance. Books and paintings, the adornment of churches, quiet converse with God in prayer and learned men in privacy, almsgiving too, compose the King's mind, and mend his health. Alas, in the first years of marriage I shook unwittingly the delicate fabric of that rare mind by impetuous excitations and impassioned leadings to uncongenial virtues; now, like one skilled in the notes of a fine sensitive instrument, I touch cautiously each chord, and watch the vibrations thereof." Then she said, with a gentleness of tone and look which I now always observe in her in the King's presence, or even in speaking of him, "May it please God I should so play upon this holy instrument that no jarring may

ensue, but only sweet and peaceful music!" So saying, she dismissed me.

When the rebellion was ended and the ringleaders slain, we returned to London; and I marvel, now that the Queen's secret is disclosed to me, at the rare prudence she evinced in the hiding thereof from any but the most leal attendants on the King. When news came before we left Kenilworth of Lord Say's execution by the rebels, she told his majesty this dire hap without apparent emotion, and in so religious and comfortable a manner, that he was noways shaken, albeit grieved at it. Yet I had seen her in her chamber grind her teeth and clench her hands, like a fire-eyed fury, with an unwarranted passion; but the moment she entered the King's chamber she was as calm and mild as if perfect peace reigned in her bosom. And in London this year I have witnessed the like wonderful governance of herself when the Duke of York marched thither from Ireland with four thousand men, to the great terror of the court. The Duke of Somerset was not yet returned from France, on whom she builds her hopes; and with a patience and composure which would to God she did more often use at other times, she witnessed the interview between the King and the ungrateful Duke, wherein he demanded that a parliament should be summoned; and his request was granted. Compressed lips and pale cheeks belied her outward calmness, but not one intemperate word or look betrayed it.

The King and Queen are overjoyed at the coming of the Duke of Somerset; and I see he will reign in their counsels as did the Duke of Suffolk, which causes no little uneasiness to their majesties' well-wishers. For this Duke hath a most violent character, and is detested by the commons and disliked by the peers, because of the ill-success of his government in France and the loss of so many provinces to this country. He was committed to the Tower by the parliament a short time ago; but now the session is over he is released and favours showered on him. The Queen, alas, disguises not her hatred of his foes, and makes no choice betwixt the enemies of the crown and those of Edward Beaufort. To-day there is a banquet at Guildhall; and at her toilet-table I knelt to her, with many tears beseeching her not to wear a posy of red roses in her bosom, for my brother Edmund yester eve related to the gaping ladies of the court the hap at the Temple Gardens. The fierce quarrel betwixt the Duke of Somerset and my Lord Warwick, the seditious speeches of York's friends, the angry retorts of the Beauforts, and the Queen's name injuriously mixed up in the invectives of their enemies. O God! is there no honesty, no virtue, no innocency of life, no conjugal affection, which shall shield a royal lady from blaspheming tongues and false aspersions? Methinks a nation should resent as the most arrant injury accusations which if true should be its most loathsome shame, and visit with revenge these vile slanders on one whose name should be as sacred to every Englishman as his wife's or his daughter's. But, alas, alas! the Queen, by a misplaced chivalry and dangerous confidence, secure in her virtue, proud of her unsullied life, dares with headstrong wilfulness the malice of her enemies.

"Madame," I cried, with anguished supplications,—*"Madame, for your own sake, for the King's, for God's, throw aside that bloody-coloured rose which disfigures your bosom. Pluck that fatal flower from your breast. Let not England see you wear the badge of Somerset."*

"Of Lancaster, Meg," she exclaimed, looking down complacently on the ill-omened flower,—*"of royal Lancaster! Red is the proper hue for the rose; white roses are pale mean counterfeits. See how sweetly the Reine Marguerite and the red rose match together!"* As she said this, she joined together a pink and white daisy and a damask blossom.

"Madame," I cried, almost weeping, *"is it thus you dally with a danger greater than can be well expressed?"*

Then her eyes gave one of their sudden flashes.

"Now," she cried, *"Honi soit qui mal y pense! Dishonoured be the wretch who shall dare to call this flower the badge of Somerset! It is the rallying sign of every loyal heart, of which Somerset is only the chief. It is the mark by which friends shall be known from foes. It is the flower of those that love the King. I will wear it as I ride along the streets of London. I will plant it on the battlements of every fortress in the realm. None that hold by me but that shall wear it in their breasts or their bonnets, or they shall be thought traitors. It shall grow on every inch of English ground; and if not red enough to please their English eyes, let them dye it in the blood of York!"*

She went into the meek King's chamber, as was her wont, when adorned for the banquet, and she wore the red rose in her bosom. He smiled as he greeted her, and praised the perfume of her flowers. She took one from her posey and fastened it to his vesture. It made me sad to see it there. After that day all the ladies of the court fashioned badges of the like kind in ribbons and paper, and gave them to their friends. The die is cast. As God wills, so be it!

CHAPTER XIX.

A GLEAM FROM THE SOUTH.

ONE day at the Tower, where I was in waiting on the Queen, there was a heavy mist on the river, so that the opposite bank could not be seen: the air was chill and damp, and naught was to be seen under the windows save barges full of coal unloading on the bank. Her majesty was sitting at a little table with a lighted taper, for it was too dark to read without a candle even at noontide. She held two letters in her hand, and as she gazed upon them a heavy sigh escaped her.

"From the north and from the south," she said, as I looked the question I durst not ask. "The contents are dissimilar," she added; "yet both make me sad. This is from my kinswoman,

Marie de Gueldres, the Queen of Scotland. Alas, the brave Lord Douglas is no more!"

"What! the noble chief which your majesty entertained with such great cheer when he returned from his pilgrimage to Rome?" I exclaimed.

"Yea, and who had promised to bring an army to aid us against York, if he should take the field against us."

"Alas, is he dead?"

"Yes," she replied; "and what think you is reported? That King James slew him with his own hand! Is it not horrible? Methinks it is enough that I should look favourably on any one, and then misfortune follows him. What a murtherous sky is this beneath the which we live! dark as if the day of doom was at hand! And list to the dull croaking voices of those men at work on the water!"

"Is your majesty's other letter sad also?" I said, to turn her thoughts from the first.

"Sad!" she exclaimed. "You may read it, Meg. It should be a remedy for sadness, if the joyility of others could cure selfish dejection." Then she sighed again, and perusing that long letter which came from France, smiled once or twice, and then sighed again. It was from the Princess Yolande, her sister; and these were its contents:

"Ah, Madame Marguerite, queen of love and beauty, wherefore doth cruel fate so long divide us? Wherefore doth the most entirely beloved daughter and sister of our hearts never gladden by her sweet presence our longing eyes? Would that a fairy had spread her wings and flown to your great London, and from the midst of your fine palace snatched you like Jove did Europa from the flowery mead, where she did frolic, and carried your majesty across the sea and the land to this sweet field of Fornica, under the walls of Tarascon! O, how welcome should have been the flying genius and its royal burthen! I' faith, sweet Marguerite, these have been days of so much joyility, pleasance, and entertainment, that the like hath not been seen for many years. Messire Romurin, the pursuivant, proclaimed the tournament in all Provence, and many noble lords, knights, ladies, and damsels came from Aix, Nisme, Arles, Marseilles, and Montpellier, to this fair castle, which is the home of pleasure and delight. Banquets and plays, dances and masquerades, and sham fights of all kinds enliven the day and night. My lord and Louis de Beauveau have already in sport broken lances with so great skill and grace, that nothing could exceed the contentment of this noble company. But I would have thee to know that this is not a simple martial tournament, like the emprise of the dragon's mouth at Saumur, our father's fair and well-seated city, where Ferry won so many trophies some time ago, and the ladies' prize from the hands of Jeanne de Laval, who was then only thirteen years of age, and a kiss from her fair lips. I took from him that rare casket, which is studded with precious stones, for I said he had had a kiss

from the dame Jeanne, and that should be enough for him. But he said, if I kept the box, I should pay him with as many kisses as there are pearls and brilliants on it. I warrant thee, dear sister, that Ferry, though a gay knight, and gallant in his devoirs to the ladies, esteems one hair of his poor wife's head more than all the dames of Lorraine and Provence together. But this Jeanne de Laval is a most wonderful young princess; the like of her hath not been seen since Madame Marguerite d'Anjou crossed the seas, leaving France behind her. The singularity of this little damsel lieth in this: she never laughs, nor scarcely smiles, yet in her countenance there is a winsomeness which ravishes all beholders. The king our father hath idolised her from her cradle. Messire Guy de Laval and Madame Isabelle de Bretagne, her parents, do not love her more, I ween, than the King and Queen of Sicily. Now he is reft of thee, he affections Jeanne with an almost excessive tenderness. She is the lady and the queen of all the sports he invents, the theme of his poems, and the little sovereign of the court. Our sweet mother, whose health daily declines, is never so contented as when this little damsel is with her. And I will tell thee a secret. A few nights since, when I was sitting by her side, on her favourite seat, which overlooks the Rhone, she said to me, 'Fair daughter, my life shall not last many years—nay, many months it may be; and God knoweth I should like to die and go to His Paradise when purged of my sins, whereunto thine and other good prayers shall, I hope, help me. But it causeth me annoy that my lord the King, my entirely loved husband, will suffer so great sorrow when I depart, that his health shall suffer, and grief consume his heart. For we have been most dear and loving to each other through a life full of sad haps, yet sweetened by an extraordinary mutual affection. One used to the watchful tenderness of a wife can ill exist alone; and when I have been dead a little while, I would have your father marry—not ever to forget me, for where a great love hath filled the heart, the memory thereof can never die—but that he may find comfort, and cheerful company and consolation in trials from one who shall love him, if not with the passionate liking I had for him, and which yet endures as vivid as if age had heated rather than cooled its fervour, yet with the reverential, trustful, and tender love which advanced years inspire when divested of defects and stamped with virtuous glory.' I kissed that dear mother's hand, and denied that she was like to die. Then she said, 'Now, let not what I now will utter pass thy lips, Yolande, except the day should come when the knowledge thereof shall shed a sweet comfort in thy father's heart. My prayer, my hope, and dear wish—think it not too strange—is this—' She looked at me so much as to inquire if I divined what she was about to say; but as I nothing spoke, she went on, 'I would that my lord should marry, when I am dead, Jeanne de Laval.' I started in amazement. 'Yea,' she rejoined, answering my unuttered thought, 'she is very young; but there is more thinking, I will warrant it, in that youthful head, as noble a purity in that young heart, as great valour in that high soul, as in any woman in France. I have watched

her with this secret thought, and listened to her innocent conversation with a jealous, careful curiosity which cannot be deceived. I note that she despises youthful homage, spurns free gallantry, loathes unseemly discourse; and when I have seen her bestow the guerdon of prowess in the lists, she has offered her pretty blushing cheek to the victor with a modest shamefacedness and dignified behaviour which well became her noble birth and virtuous breeding. Her great love for the King, begun in childhood, will turn, if she is his wife, not so much into a flower of passion, but rather into the rich fruit of wifely affection. Ah, fair daughter, when in the night-watches I lie awake, forecasting my lord's grief when he is reft of me, ever I see before me rise, like a consoling vision, the sweet grave visage of Jeanne de Laval, which never laughs and rarely smiles, but, like the sober shine of the moon, doth shed light and breathe peace. I shall die the happier for this hope.' 'Nay, live the longer for it,' I answered smiling, and, with a tender kiss, parted from her. I pray thee, dear Marguerite, when hath conjugal love been more disinterested than in this noble woman's heart?—when evinced by a more forecasting solicitude and unjealous regard for her lord's happiness? I fear my love for Ferry is a baser one; for if I was to die, I should mislike him to be too quickly consoled, and I warrant thee I should grievously jalouse the lady who should replace me.

"Since this discourse with our mother the Queen, I have taken more heed of the singular affection of the demoiselle Jeanne for the King. If one says: 'The Comte de St. Pol is a valiant lord,' 'Passably so,' she answers; 'but not so brave as the King of Sicily.' Or if the Comte de Nevers' martial aspect is praised, she replies, 'He hath, in sooth, a fine carriage; but what is it in comparison with King René's?' If Poton de Saintrailles breaketh a lance with wondrous skill, she affirms Monseigneur the King can 'do it better; if any one exclaims (and I warrant thee this is a very frequent speech in the mouths of princes and ladies), 'Is there a knight, lord, or gentilhomme which, for strength of arm, greatness of soul, beauty of face and person, can be likened to Ferry de Lorraine?'—then Made-moiselle de Laval says, 'He resembles his father-in-law, whom few can equal, none excel.' If the talk is of poesy, and others commend Monseigneur Charles d'Orléans or Messire Chastelain's verses, she shakes her head, and maintains that for her part she sees more philosophy, cunning, and beauty in the romance of *De très douce Mercy au Cœur d'Amour épris* than in any other poem in the world. She thinks Messire Van Eycke is a poorer limner than his pupil, and Antoine de la Salle a writer of less wit than his kingly master. When the Duchesse d'Alençon called Alain Chartier 'le bien disant,' the petite demoiselle whispered in mine ear, 'I know a meilleur disant than even Messire Alain.'

"Now will it please thee to learn the style and fashion of this present passage of arms, the most quaint, dainty, and pleasurable that ever has been witnessed. Instead of the pavillon de joyeuse garde, all decked with cloth-of-gold and flags, there is at one end of the field a green flowery cabin, wherein a fair shepherdess tends her

lambs. Instead of the haute et puissante demoiselle de Laval which guerdoned the victors at Saumur, with two lions chained by her side, here is the gentle pastourelle Jeanne, dressed in a gray kirtle, wearing on her fair hair a crown of roses, and holding in her hand a little silver crook. Philibert de Laigues and Philippe de Lenoncourt, her two brave champions and comely shepherds stand by her side. The knights which enter the lists touch with their swords the black and white shields nigh to the cabin, and this is the signal of defiance. The victor's prize is a posy and a kiss from the fair shepherdess; but other gifts she also bestows. On the first day Pierre Carrion, the Sire de Beauveau, Tanneguy du Chatel, and others, contended with much skill and valiant ardour; but Ferry won the guerdon, and on my finger I wear the victor's ring. When Jeanne presented it to him, he gave her in return the rich housings of his steed. Messire Honoré de Berre, a very learned and honourable gentleman of Aix, but little used to these combats, also entered the lists. The King our father strove to dissuade him therefrom, but nothing else would serve him; and, lo and behold, before he ever encountered his adversary he rolled off his horse, which swerved, and his great weight and heavy armour impeded his rising, which caused much diversion amongst the spectators. Louis de Beauveau says that even the grave Pastourelle Jeanne laughed; which, if true, should be almost a miracle. Gaspard de Cossa for the first time tilted to-day. The King, who singularly affections this youth, leaving his royal seat, descended into the field to minister advice to his inexperience, and furnish him with new lances when his own were split. He thus often assists young knights in their first essays; and these marks of goodness do marvellously endear his majesty to his subjects. When Messire Duguesclin was a prisoner, he said, 'There is not one spinner in France but would spin to ransom me.' And I say, There is not a woman or a man in his dominions but would die for King René. I hope there is also not an Englishman that would not die for thee, sweet sister.

"Well, in the evenings pleasant poetry and gay music beguile the swiftly flying hours. Each knight and lady is constrained to furnish a poem or a song; and some steal away in the day to search in books for fair pearls of harmonious lore. If any one doth possess a copy of the King's verse-book, or of the Duke of Orléans' lays, or Alain Chartier's, or Messire Chastelain's, or Olivier de la Marche's poems, then he is envied. Such as possess the gift of poesy compose little pieces themselves, to the great content of the company. I would fain send thee some of these witty flowrets; but be content, madame, with this little conceit in your own praise:

'All other flowrets drop their leaves
When blows the cold east wind;
But steadfast daisies, pure and white,
Still in their place you find.'

Now, who think you wrote this quatrain? Thereby hangs a little tale, which your majesty shall hear. The King our father said yes-

ter eve that the poem the most to his liking which had yet been recited was the lay of Messire Olivier de la Marche, called *The Knight's Vesture for his Lady*, which runneth thus :

Lady, I am no limner ;
My hand cannot portray
The beauty of thy face ;
But my pen shall essay
To frame for thee a vesture
So perfect, so complete,
So graceful and so fine,
So virtuous and so sweet,
That in the eyes of God most high,
And men also, I ween,
This habit shall surpass
The rarest ever seen.

Fair honesty shall be thy smock ;
Thy slippers humble thoughts ;
Thy shoes a spotless conscience ;
Thy garters firm resolves ;
Thy pincushion meek patience ;
Thy rings nobility ;
Thy knife impartial justice ;
Thy kerchief modest haviour ;
Thy ribbon duteous fear of God ;
Thy comb contrition keen ;
Thy stay-lace perfect charity ;
Thy kirtle daily prayer ;
And last of all thy mirror,
The wholesome thought of death.

"When the King exceedingly commended this piece of verse, Ferry said, 'I warrant your majesty I can write in one minute four lines which will please you more than Messire Olivier's ingenious poem.'

"The King smilingly defied him to do it. Then Ferry, holding the paper on his knee, penned in less than a minute the lines touching the steadfast daisy, and gave them to the King, who, when he read them, said quickly, with tears in his eyes, 'Fair son, je n'en peux mais. You have vanquished. The verses which praise Marguerite must needs content me the most.'

"What a good father we have, and what fine children God hath given me! and would it should please his Holy Majesty to give thee the like blessing! And now this is the last day of this great emprise, which shall be remembered as long, methinks, as France exists and memory endures of chivalry, poesy, and art—the gay savoir and King René's code.

"It was not till this eve that our father adjudged the final prize of this magnificent passage of arms. I promise thee my heart beat very fast when, in the midst of all the court and the foreign ladies, his majesty rose to declare the victor; and it gave a great bound, as if jumping for joy, when the cry rose, 'Prégny! Prégny! Lorraine a le prix!' Ferry received the golden wand, the posy, and a diamond worth one hundred pieces of gold, from the gentille Pastour-elle. And what think you he did? He besought her to keep

them all! Methinks this beau sire is something too generous. But it was soon bruited that nothing would serve Jeanne but that the diamond should be sold for the relief of the plague-stricken folk of Aix. After the dancing was over, the whole court was entertained in the pavilion of Louis de Beauveau; and the King sent there for the ladies sweet confections and rare fruits. The sky was so beautiful that the night seemed almost as bright as the day. The moon-shine lighted the swift river with a soft radiance. The most entrancing lays, in which poesy is sweetly married with music, sounded in our ears; and nothing marred those gleesome hours, which only, like the fast-flowing Rhone, passed too quickly.

"The Dauphin hath come to this province since the death of his sweet wife. Her last words were those she often used towards the end of her brief life: 'Fi de la vie! ne n'en parlez plus.' Monseigneur our cousin maketh no end of pilgrimages, and hath visited la Sainte Beaume and many other sanctuaries, and he writeth to Rome touching the relics of the Maries disinterred lately on the coast. The good people of this country take him to be a saint, and cry out when he passes, "Noël, Noël! Viva lou Dauphin!" Agnes, the dame de beauté, hath died at Rouen with great sorrow for her sins, and an exceeding great desire to atone for them, if time should have been afforded her. Fra Bernardine of Siena is also dead, and, as all believe, gone straight to heaven; for miracles have already been wrought by his invocation when his corpse was exposed in the church at Massa. Our father is sorely grieved at his decease, but hopeth much from his prayers now he is with God. And now no more, sweet sister. I recommend myself very humbly to your majesty and to the King my good brother. We all pray to Jesu to have you in His keeping.

"YOLANDE D'ANJOU."

"Ah, fair land!" exclaimed the Queen, who had followed with her eyes my reading of this letter. "Fair Provence! sweet skies, loving visages, chivalrous hearts, ye have passed away from me like a dream!"

"Alas, madame," I said, "do you grieve that you are England's queen?"

"Nay," she quickly replied; "now less than ever." The colour rose in her cheek.

"The day I am a mother," she added in a low voice, "I shall be as happy as Yolande."

That day came. O, my poor Queen!

CHAPTER XX.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

By reason of a sickness I had in the course of the year 1454, I was advised by the physicians to remove from London for a season; and therefore, released for the space of six months from my attendance at court, I went to the house of Mistress Elizabeth Clere, a kinswoman of my mother's, which lived near Norwich. The day before I left town, this letter came to me from my father. Its contents did but increase the heaviness I then endured, as will be seen by those who read it.

The Lord de Roos to his Daughter.

"I greet you well, my dear daughter, and send you God's blessing and mine; and touching the matter which by your means their majesties desire I should inform them of, and write them the truth thereof, I have discovered, through the reports of honourable spies, that Monseigneur Gilles is yet in prison; and that the letter which our sovereign lord the King sent by the hands of the King of France, or rather the French king I should say, and which was so noble and so reasonable that nothing more convincing could be thought of, failed of its effect because that king joined to it one from his own self, which weakened its urgency, and rather should incite the Duke of Brittany to persevere in his ill-usage of his brother than dissuade him from it. So greatly hath this ill-usage increased, that he is withdrawn from any care or charge of honourable men, and committed to the hands of one Olivier de Meël, an extremely wicked man, the creature of the Maréchal de Montauban. These wretches have, it is said, shut up the prince in a dark dungeon, and cruelly maltreated him. Verily it seems they would kill him in this wise, whom no judges can be found to condemn. Contrariwise, the Estates of Brittany publicly absolved him, to the no small anger of the duke and his favourite. Then the prince found means from his prison to write to his liege lord the king of—I mean the French king—a narrative of the horrible sufferings he endured, and entreated to be released by his authority, and brought before him to confront his accusers. The same messenger also took letters from the Lady Françoise d'Amboise (who hath the keeping of the prince's little wife), and likewise from the Constable de Richemont, to the King, beseeching him with much liberty and urgency to procure his nephew's deliverance. And this time they succeeded; for the King sent the Admiral Coëtivy to the duke to enforce that demand, who, under this pressure, yielded; and Monseigneur Gilles was informed that he was about to be set free, to the no small joy of all his well-wishers. But the news thereof had hardly reached the ears of his friends, when the wicked malice of his enemies invented a foul stratagem whereby this fair dawn of hope was overcast. A herald appeared at court with a letter from our sovereign lord King Henry to the duke; wherein his majesty demanded, in very peremptory and haughty terms, the in-

stant release of Monseigneur Gilles, by reason of his being Lord Constable of England and a knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. The duke's fury burst forth with a fresh violence. He recalled the order for his brother's release, and vowed revenge on the English. The French king's envoy withdrew; and then in a few days it was found that this famous herald was no other than one Pierre Larosse, a servant of Arthur de Montauban, who had forged the letter, and pretended to bring it from the King of England, on purpose to anger the duke and impede the prince's liberation; but the evil was now beyond remedy, and when the Lady Françoise of Amboise supplicated the duke to show mercy to his brother, she and her husband were banished from the court, and commanded to return to Guincamp. Now no one knoweth if the prince is alive or dead. This is all the tidings I can hear; and whilst this war lasts there is little hope of the mending of his fate, even if so be that he doth yet live. For the French king hath need of the duke's aid, and will not therefore offend him; and if your majesty stirs in the matter, it only addeth fuel to the flame, as men say, which was lately seen when that false herald came. So, good daughter, fare thee well; and the Holy Trinity have thee in His keeping! When I return to England—and God alone He knoweth when that good shall befall me—I look not to be remembered by thee, or that thy present visage will be familiar to me until I have studied it well, which methinks I shall not be slow to do. I thank God that I do hear from time to time good reports of thy prudent behaviour and great favour with the Queen, which I pray may never be less than it now is. And so with my blessing I end this letter; and if some honest man, of sufficient rank and fortune, should sue thee in marriage again,—as many have done hitherto, but fared badly,—I would that thou shouldst hearken more readily to his desire than heretofore; for it should be for thy weal now to be settled in marriage, not having, as I understand, any calling to a religious life. I do heartily wish this letter had been a more comfortable one for their majesties, touching the Prince of Bretagne; but while there is life there is hope, as the leeches say; and so fare thee well."

"Writ at the Camp of Guisnes, in France, by the LORD DE ROOS."

There was but poor comfort in the concluding words of this letter, for they are what physicians use in desperate cases; and the situation of Monseigneur Gilles was then, like to that of a dying man, all but despaired of by his friends. With a heavy heart I left London, but the sight of the green fields made me of better cheer, and yet more the agreeable conversation of Dame Elisabeth, to whom I disclosed some of my troubles. We were wont to walk on Sundays to the church of the Gray Friars, in Norwich, for to be present at Vespers; and as we went through the meadows on the way to it we discoursed on the events of the past, and the hopes and fears of the future, and admired that Providence had cast our lives in such dissimilar shapes: my chief cares relating to great personages,—kings, queens, princes, and royal dukes; and she the while concerned with the

affairs of simple gentry and homely persons. But, alas, there is a greater likeness in men's doings and grievings and rejoicings, whether they be of high or low degree, than is usually thought. The cruelty of the Duke of Brittany to his brother was one of my most sore griefs; and Elisabeth suffered a like great heartache because of Mrs. Paston's (our aunt's) unkindness to her daughter Ellen. This poor wench, a very comely and gracious young lady, was extremely used by her mother, because she would not break off her contract with Master Scrope, to whom, with her parents' consent at one time given, she had promised marriage. Mistress Paston is a very notable lady, of great ability in household matters and dealings touching money and lands, and an obedient and dutiful wife; but the obedience she yields herself to her husband she exacts from her children. No tutors, Elisabeth said, are severe enough to her liking. "Belash him well till he amend," is her commandment to their masters. And what she preached she practised, for Elisabeth says that she beats her daughter once in the week, or twice, and sometimes twice in a day. Wherefore Nell Paston has sent to Elisabeth by Friar Newton's counsel, to pray her that she would write to her brother in London, and beseech him to be a good friend to her in this matter, and so assist her to fulfil her contract without impediment or further ill-usage.

We laid a little plot together, that when the Queen came to Norwich, which she was like soon to do, we should move her to intercede with Mistress Paston in favour of these lovers, as she did with Mr. Strange in behalf of Mistress Katherine, who is now Mistress Bugdon. But, alas, who shall intercede for Monseigneur Gilles with any hope of success? One of my torments then was that Jeanne de Kersabiec had wholly ceased to write to me. I had no friend in the word which I affectioned one half so well as Jeanne. One day when we were passing through the lime-walk to the chapel, I said,

"Jeanne must be dead, or else hath ceased to love me."

"I am not of that opinion," Dame Elisabeth answered. "Methinks she hath turned hermit."

"Hermit!" I answered, amazed.

"Yea, a hermit," she replied. "Now that the world is so wicked, the like of which was never seen in Christendom before, so much so that many are of opinion it is like soon to come to an end, there be many more women as well as men which retire to solitudes for their souls' health, and give themselves wholly to prayer, except some special call to a good deed withdraws them for a while from that manner of life."

"Do you know any such person?" I said.

"Yea," she replied. "My brother Henry, when he was only nineteen years of age, begged of me the gift of two garments from my wardrobe, and also a hood which our father used sometimes to wear. I did as he desired; and he cut off the hanging sleeves of my gown, and made with them a covering for the neck and arms. I was so affrighted when I saw him in this strange dress; I feared he

was mad. But he went away, and lived in a cave at first, and afterwards in a cabin, serving God with exceeding great fervour and devout contemplation, yet sometimes going forth to instruct poor people, all for the love of our Lord; and he lived very hard, and performed many penances."

Elisabeth was very fond of reading, and mostly of a ghostly sort. She had copies of Richard Rolles' books, — his translation of the Psalms into English, his *Craft of Dying*, and the *Mirror of Sinners*, — and used to read them with a great delight; also a poem called *The Handling of Sinn*, by one Robert Mannyng, a canon of Sempringham. She said Mistress Paston, who cares not for any book but such as she uses for accounts and receipts, hath accused her sometimes of a leaning to Lollardry, because once she found in her cupboard *Heaven opened*, which she said was writ by John Wickliffe; but if this was so, she herself knew nothing thereof, and would not for the world then have kept it, for he was a teacher of heresy, which she abhorred. And so she took the said book to Friar Newton, and never would read in it again.

The 'Apologia' in France.

It can never be surprising to any one acquainted with the true character of the English Establishment, that it should be a matter of real difficulty to make that character understood to foreigners, and especially to foreign Catholics. When we speak of its "character," we do not mean to enter on any theological question, either as to the orthodoxy or heresy of its formularies of faith, or as to the validity or invalidity of its orders. To be able to form a fair judgment on these matters—apart from the plain and definite decision of the Catholic Church upon them—it would be necessary for the strangers of whom we are speaking to have studied a good deal of not very attractive controversy which has no special interest except to those more immediately concerned in its results. But there are some features in Anglicanism which are scarcely to be met with elsewhere, and which certainly no one would feel naturally disposed to look for in a community which claims, according to some at least of its members, to represent accurately the Church of earlier ages. We might allow, for argument's sake, as far as our present remarks are concerned, that the orders of the Anglican clergy are valid, and that the Thirty-nine Articles—according to the newest claim, as put forward by Dr. Pusey—not only admit of a Catholic interpretation, but cannot be rightly and fairly understood according to any other. But even if the Establishment were, as far as these points go, not radically unlike the Catholic Church as it exists in France or Spain or Belgium or Italy, it would still retain many most important and characteristic features, which ought never to be passed over in any fair description of it, and an ignorance of which would be sufficient to lead an unwary foreigner into grievous misconceptions concerning it.

Such are all those features in Anglicanism which are the natural growth of the spirit of compromise and comprehension which has presided over it from the first. Such are all those which would vanish into thin air at once the moment that it ceased to retain its political connection with and dependence on the State: and those again, which owe their origin to the national character as developed in the national history. It is a thing peculiar to Anglicanism—if we suppose that it has all along possessed a tradition of Catholic

doctrine unadulterated by Lutheranism, Calvinism, Zwinglism, and other heresies—that its maintenance and promulgation of orthodox doctrine should have been so exclusively literary, and that it should not be able to point to any period in its history at which any large proportion either of its bishops or of its clergy held Catholic doctrine on points so vital, for instance, as the Sacraments, and enforced it practically on the people under their charge. *If* foreigners are to be assured that Anglicanism has the true doctrine of the Priesthood and the Sacrifice, it is worth while telling them also that of all its "Priests" since the days of Elizabeth hardly one in a thousand has ever thought of hearing a Confession, giving absolution, or celebrating the Adorable Sacrifice; and that the very sacrificial vestments themselves have been so entirely laid aside from the beginning, that their revival by a few clergymen in our own time is considered almost as the introduction of a new religion. Again, the mutual balance and toleration of parties holding the most contradictory tenets on the great doctrines of faith in the same communion, is a characteristic feature of Anglicanism which is quite incomprehensible to the mind of a foreign Catholic. The only Anglican travellers who are at all likely to seek the society and to desire the sympathy of Catholics abroad are persons who belong to one of these parties alone, and the statements made by them as to the theological mind of their Establishment are not likely to be corrected the next day by qualifying assertions on the part of members of the Broad or the Low sections of their fellow-clergymen. And, certainly, no one would find out for himself from an ordinary acquaintance with Church history or with the characteristics of Christian communities, the existence of the widely-differing schools of opinion and religious practice which find themselves equally at home, side by side, within the pale of the Establishment. Nor, again, can it fairly be denied that the relations between the Crown and the Law Courts on the one hand, and the regulation of doctrinal and disciplinary decisions on the other, constitute a deplorable characteristic of Anglicanism: deplorable to all the most Catholic-minded among its children, but nevertheless, not to be passed over in silence by them when they are giving an account of their community to foreign Christians, who are not only perfectly unable to divine for themselves the existence of these relations, but can scarcely be brought to understand them even when carefully explained.

We need hardly say more to prove the very obvious point that foreign Catholics,—perhaps we may say, French Catholics in particular, for with them practically, Englishmen have most to do,—require very much to be correctly informed both as to the past history and the present characteristics of Anglicanism. Our words

would indeed be echoed, though with somewhat of a different purpose, by all those among Anglicans who are desirous of obtaining sympathy and even partial recognition from Catholics abroad. Every thing English is a puzzle to our friends across the Channel, and of all English institutions none can possibly be so unintelligible to them as the Establishment. At the same time, one of the most remarkable and pregnant facts in the Church history of the nineteenth century, is surely the great and increasing interest taken by foreign Catholics in the religious condition of England. The French clergy, when driven by the great Revolution into exile, found in this country a noble welcome and a truly Christian hospitality. The political attitude, moreover, of this country during the time of Napoleon's power, though hostile to France, was amicable to Rome, and the diplomatists who had fallen under the spell of Cardinal Consalvi at the Congress of Vienna carried home with them more friendly dispositions towards the Holy See than had been usually entertained by English statesmen. It was not unnatural that the tide of Catholic prayer should be turned in the direction of England during the first half of the present century. It is not uncommon at present to meet with French priests who say that the rise of Catholic instincts in the very heart of Anglicanism, as evidenced by the Tractarian movement, was a providential recompense to England for the hospitality which it had shown to their exiled predecessors. At all events that movement excited from the first the liveliest interest in France: and since the time at which it bore its legitimate fruit in the numerous secessions among Anglicans, clergy and laity, to the Catholic Church, this interest has doubtless been greatly deepened and extended. Converts have gone every where, and have begged the prayers of the faithful for the conversion of their relatives and friends. Many have been obliged to settle abroad, many have found their way into the Church in foreign lands. Then we must not forget those who have devoted themselves more specially to the organisation of a sort of crusade of prayer for the conversion of England, such as the late Father Ignatius Spencer. Every where is there interest in and prayer for England, though detailed information as to the state of the Establishment and of the religious sects which have issued from it is very uncommon and perhaps not universally necessary.

The travelling propensities of Englishmen have no doubt contributed in some measure to the interest extensively felt in the religious prospects of their country. The Englishman abroad is not usually very prepossessing or very popular: he is sometimes rude, pretentious, vulgar, and sometimes indescribably foolish. But Englishmen are of all sorts, and foreigners see the good side of our character as well as

the bad. They cannot fail to be struck with the many instances of generosity, of readiness for exertion when good is to be done, of benevolence and of religiousness, which so often meet their eye. The hearts of foreign ecclesiastics, in particular, are naturally open to the good faith, the earnestness in obtaining knowledge on religious matters, and the reverence for sacred things, which are often evinced by Anglican travellers. Not a few, indeed, of the latter have been able to trace, in later days, the first Catholic impressions which have after a long and severe struggle borne the happy fruit of their conversion, to the kindness and genial hospitality which has welcomed them in the precincts of some old Cathedral in Normandy or some famous monastery in Italy. Happily, there are not many places abroad to which sightseers, clerical or other, resort, which have not by this time their own cheering reminiscences of Englishmen who have come to inquire, to criticise, or to hover about architectural or ritualistic grandeurs, and have remained or returned to pray with the earnest thankfulness of delivered captives. The charities and hospitalities of foreign Catholics have often been blessed with the one recompense of all most gratifying to a Christian heart: and we trust that the time will never come when the confidence and the cordial kindness shown to Anglican strangers will have to be repented of or curtailed. It is true, that, as we have remarked, our friends abroad are not perfectly well acquainted with what we may without offence call the subtleties and delicate equivocations of the more "advanced" Anglicans. They are not able to detect for themselves the fallacy which lies behind the venturesome statements as to "what the Anglican Church *really* teaches," in which some of their very priestly-looking guests indulge. But in ordinary cases, they are well able to deal with their visitors, and without the slightest loss of personal courtesy and gentleness, to discourage unmistakably enough all ideas as to their admitting for a moment either the Anglican orders or the orthodoxy of the Anglican formularies.*

* The most good-natured and simple of the French clergy do not always spare themselves a bit of quiet fun at the expense of the travelling Anglicans. There is an amusing anecdote of the Archbishop of —, who was entertaining a party of Tractarians, among whom was a Scotch "bishop," travelling under the simple name of Doctor —. The Archbishop asked one of the party, whom he had known before, whether Doctor — was a relative of the Scotch "bishop" in question. The guest was disconcerted, and thought it better to throw himself on the mercy of his host. "Monseigneur," he said, "I will tell you the truth. This is the 'bishop:' but he wishes to maintain the strictest incognito." "*Soyez tranquille!*" said the Archbishop: "I assure you that I will not treat him in any way as a bishop." And he kept his word. It was either on the same

We fear, however, that it must be said, that there is a small class of Anglican travellers who are not only ready to construe any kind personal expressions as to their own state which may be addressed to them into so many adhesions to their theories about the "invisible Unity of the outwardly distinted Church," but who will do all but positively deny that they are themselves any thing but Catholics in the common sense of the term. Though they are quite aware that they are, however without fault of their own, absolutely under the ban of the Church, and that no Catholic priest in any part of the world could admit them to the Sacraments without previous reconciliation, they do not hesitate, not only to pray in Catholic Churches, and to attend the Catholic services, as they may do without hindrance, but even to approach the altar rail and receive Catholic communion. It is not our business to inquire into the state of conscience of persons of this class, or to ask how it can be possible for some of the advanced Anglican clergy to sanction such proceedings, as we have been informed that they do. It is quite certain that if these cases were to multiply, foreign priests would have to be put on their guard, and a great revulsion of feeling among them would ensue towards Tractarian travellers. When we use the word Tractarian, we must of course be understood to speak of those who belong to what has lately been called the "second phase" of Tractarianism—very different from the first. Certainly, no one of the older "Tractarians" can be imagined to have done such a thing himself, or to have countenanced it in others.* The Oxford movement must have run off its natural

or another like occasion that, when the *petites verres* came in after dinner, there being a large party of canons and other ecclesiastics to meet the strangers, who of course helped themselves first, one of the canons, when asked by the Archbishop what *liqueur* he would take, replied, "Merci, Monseigneur, je vais communier avec ces Messieurs—*en curaçoa*!"

* Perhaps we may be allowed to give some instances which show the different spirit of the new phase into which the Tractarian movement has, as it were, glided by the lapse of time and the force of circumstances. We need not speak of the ritualistic developments now so widely discussed. They are but the natural expression of the doctrinal belief which has always lingered among some members of the Establishment in the validity of its Orders, in the Real Presence, and—less frequently—in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. If they were to be generally adopted, the religion of Englishmen would be radically changed: even as it is, those who are accustomed to worship in the ritualistic Churches feel themselves as little at home in an ordinary Anglican church as they might in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. They form, in reality, a new sect, and the more importance they attach to their doctrines and to the outward expression of them, the more hopelessly do they condemn the Establishment, which with the rubric on which they build in its Prayer-book, has practically dropped some of the most vital doctrines of the Christian creed for three hundred years. The ritualistic

course altogether as a real advance towards Catholicism, if such practices can be really connected with the name which it once made so honourable. But leaving the neo-Tractarians to settle their own consciences for themselves, it is certainly desirable that those whose kindness may be thus abused should possess some more full and accurate information about the schools which are springing up in the bosom of Anglicanism.

The need of some accessible and intelligible exposition of the real characteristics of the Establishment is of course considerably heightened by the advances towards "Reunion" which have lately been made by certain persons in England. "Corporate reunion" is an illusive term, if it means any thing but the reconciliation of the body of the Establishment as such to the Catholic Church. It denotes a proposed step towards unity in which the lowest Evangelicals, or men like Dr. Stanley or Mr. Kingsley, have as much interest as the clergy who hear "confessions" and wear "vestments." Yet we can hardly suppose that this has been always fully stated by the eager advocates who have taken up the cry. Without imputing any deceptive intentions, for instance, to the author of the *Eirenicon*, we can hardly be wrong in conjecturing that his account of Anglican doctrines and practices to a French bishop, or to one of those "distinguished theologians" whom he visited in his late tour in France, might not be altogether explicit as to those features in the system to which he belongs which were likely to be most unpalatable to his hearers. There is a formula ready to hand with negotiators such as Dr. Pusey

movement was contained, in its germ, in the Tracts: not so, however, the disregard and defiance of ecclesiastical authority so often exhibited by its followers. It is utterly against the high principles of the Tracts to set at naught even the wishes of the Anglican authorities, on such grave matters as the adoption of vestments: and if the practice of "auricular confession" had been introduced in the days of the Tracts, their writers would, we think, have been loud against "priests" hearing confessions without the leave and against the will of the Bishop. So again as to the Prayer-book. What would they have said of the clergyman who lately gave out in a High-Church newspaper that he never "celebrated" except according to the "Sarum" canon—which, again, he had slightly altered, in order to remove some "Romish" excrescences? Again, as to the point of behaviour abroad. What would the Tract-writers have said of a case which occurred lately in France, of an Anglican—dressed, we believe, as an English Catholic priest—presenting himself again and again to receive communion in a Catholic Church, till the Curé was obliged to interrogate him on account of the remarks of the people, who could not understand why he never said Mass? This person, we are told, was obliged to leave the place in which he had been residing suddenly, on account of the indignation created by his conduct when it became known what he was. We have heard more than one anecdote of the same kind, but a single specimen is enough.

which strikes us as not unlikely to convey a false impression when addressed to a foreigner. Let us quote it from an account which he lately gave (at a meeting of the Church Union) of an interview which he seems to have considered a great success. "I will only give one instance . . . because it came from a theologian, and one of their most eminent theologians, *whom nobody knows I ever saw*. I talked with him for two hours about the Council of Trent, and about our belief, as expressed by those whom I believe to be *the most genuine sons* of the Church of England. The result was, that point by point he was satisfied, and that he ended by saying, 'I shall salute you as a true brother.'" Of course the Church Union cheered loudly at such an announcement: but how many of Dr. Pusey's hearers reflected that it is obvious that in this conversation he must have gone through the different heads of doctrine defined at Trent much in the same way as he had no doubt often done before, when his object had been to persuade some would-be convert that the Thirty-nine Articles admit of the holding of what is popularly called "all Roman doctrine," and that this extreme and utterly unauthorised "view" was put forward by him as "our" doctrine—that is as *the doctrine of the English Establishment*? Of course, if Dr. Pusey believes, as we suppose he does believe, that the Articles *must* be understood in a Catholic sense, because the English Establishment is a "branch" of the Catholic Church, he has quite a right to hold as his own opinion that those who maintain what is called the Catholic interpretation of the Articles are the "most genuine," or the "only genuine" sons of the Establishment. But is this a fair representation to make to a stranger, who is ignorant of the fact that these "views" were only tolerated because almost any thing is now tolerated, and that they would be instantly rejected if it were proposed to adopt them as the legitimate representation of the mind of the Establishment by its Bishops, by its Convocation, by the mass of its clergy, and by the mass of its laity? And would not this mysterious personage, whom "nobody knows that Dr. Pusey ever saw," have had some right to complain of having been misled, if he on his part had been seized by a reciprocal zeal for peace-making, and had set out for England to hold secret conversations with "persons of no common weight" among Anglicans, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Dr. Tait, or Dr. Wilberforce, or Dean Stanley, or Dr. Wordsworth, or Archdeacon Denison, and had found to his amazement that none of these distinguished persons were among the number of "the most genuine sons" of the Church of England? It is most characteristic of Dr. Pusey and his followers, entirely to ignore, in their dealings with foreigners, the existence of all Anglicans but their own com-

paratively small though active set. But those who know the facts of the case must take the liberty of reminding them that they have no right to speak as if they represented the whole Establishment, and if need be, it may be well to put the truth plainly before the eyes of those who might otherwise be deceived by partial statements. We confess that with all due respect for Dr. Pusey, we should like very much to hear an account of his secret interview with "one of their most eminent theologians" from that person himself. We should like very much to know what was said about the opinions as to the Council of Trent of those who are *not* "the most genuine sons" of Anglicanism, and of the comparative weight of the two parties, in the body to which both equally belong. Of course any individual has a perfect right to speak of his own views as he chooses; but Dr. Pusey was a self-appointed negotiator, not between the Church on the one hand, and himself and his friends on the other, but between the Catholic Church and the whole Establishment. Having no credentials or authority to show, and being well aware with what disfavour his own views are looked on by the authorities of the Establishment—whatever respect may be shown to his personal qualities and position as the leader of a party—it was certainly desirable that he should explain with the utmost candour how very precarious was the ground to which he was inviting foreign authorities to trust themselves.

This, however, it must be confessed, is rather more than we can expect from one in Dr. Pusey's position. He is hardly one of those men who are fitted either by nature or by their habits of thought to give an account of both sides of a question. The many extraordinary misconceptions with which his works abound cannot, perhaps, be altogether accounted for without admitting the influence of other causes, but a great part of them must probably be set down to the character of his mind, which sees in every thing which comes before it just what it wishes to see, and is blind to every thing else. He studies with passion, and states an argument with sentiment. He would perhaps think that he was doing the "Church of England" a service in giving his own partial and sanguine view of her theology: while he was in reality doing her much the same kind of service that a child would do to a parent dangerously ill, by concealing all the worst symptoms of the disease from the physician. At all events, the physician is unfairly dealt with. We must look elsewhere, in these days of attempts at Reunion, for a clear account to foreigners of the phenomena of Anglicanism. We hail therefore with much pleasure the appearance in France of a translation of a book so eminently qualified to give a fair and broad view of the real charac-

teristics of Anglicanism as Dr. Newman's *History of my Religious Opinions*. We have heard a good deal of the proposed translation of the *Eirenicon*—a book certainly not more accurate in its representation of Anglican doctrine as generally held by the Bishops and clergy, than in its account of Catholic belief and practice. It is possible, we suppose, that the translation may be delayed, for Dr. Pusey may perhaps be discouraged by the news that his book has been put on the Index, and besides, he may just at present be rather at a loss what of it to withdraw and what to retain. If it were circulated in France, it would certainly provoke criticism on one point on which it has not yet been fully examined in England—its representation of the opinions of the Catholic Bishops on the subject of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception. In its description of Anglicanism, and especially in the account given in it of the principle of Tract 90—so different from that of the author of the Tract—it would certainly be usefully corrected by Dr. Newman's narrative. That wonderful book has indeed claims of its own on all who value the chief treasures of English literature, and can appreciate one of the most singularly beautiful of all autobiographies. At the present moment, it may, we think, do a special service in France, among those many kind-hearted and charitable Catholics who are interesting themselves in the latest developments of the movement once guided by its illustrious author.

*** We observe that the French translation of Dr. Newman's work, to which we have just drawn attention, contains some notes which are not in the original. They have no doubt been written for the purpose of conveying to French readers the knowledge of English matters which is presupposed on this side of the Channel. One of them treats of the subject which we have mentioned as so unintelligible to foreign Catholics—the state of parties in the Establishment. It is written, of course, as a general sketch, and the author has not cared to fortify every statement by references. We think that our readers will thank us for presenting it to them without any abbreviation: and we do this the more confidently, because, by the kindness of a friend of the French editor, we have been able to procure the original English copy, instead of translating it for ourselves. The note runs as follows:

"THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"In none of their institutions have Englishmen so remarkably illustrated their love of compromise in political and social matters as in their Established Church. Luther, Calvin, and Zwingle, all antagonists of Rome, were also antagonists of each other. Other Protestant sects, the Erastians, the Puritans, and the Arminians, are equally specific in their faith and equally animated by mutual hos-

tility. Yet it is no exaggeration to say, that the Anglican ecclesiastical Establishment is a syncretism of all these varieties of Protestantism, with a strong infusion of Catholicism into the bargain. It is the result of the successive action upon religion, of Henry VIII., the ministers of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, the Cavaliers, the Puritans, the Latitudinarians of 1688, and the Methodists of the 18th century. It has a mediæval hierarchy, richly endowed, high in civil station, and formidable in political influence. It has preserved the rites, prayers, and creeds of the Ancient Church. It derives its articles of religion from Lutheran and Zwinglian sources. Its translation of the Bible flavours of Calvinism. It can boast a series of divines, principally in the 17th century, of great learning, and proud of their approximation to the doctrine and practice of the primitive Church. Contemplating these divines, the great Bossuet even said it was impossible that the English people should not one day return to the faith of their fathers; and De Maistre hailed the Anglican communion as destined to play a great part in the reconciliation and reunion of Christendom.

"This remarkable Church has ever been in the closest subjection to the civil power, and has ever gloried in being so. It has ever viewed the papal power with fear, resentment, and dislike. It has never gained the hearts of the lower classes. So far it has been one and the same all along: in other respects it either never has had opinions at all, or it has been always changing them. In the 16th century it was Calvinistic; in the first half of the 17th it was Arminian and quasi-Catholic; towards the end of that century and in the beginning of the next it was Latitudinarian. In the middle of the 18th century it is described by Lord Chatham as having a popish ritual and office book, Calvinistic articles of faith, and an Arminian clergy.

"In our own day it contains three strong parties, revivals respectively of the three principles of religion, which from the first, in one shape or other, have exhibited themselves in its history; the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Sceptical: each of them, it is hardly necessary to say, fiercely opposed to the other two. First, the Apostolical or Tractarian party, which at present goes further in the direction of Catholicism than at any former time, or under any former manifestation; so much so, that, in the instance of its more advanced adherents, it may be said to differ in nothing from Catholics, except in the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy. This school arose in the 17th century, in the court of James I. and Charles I.; it was almost extinguished by the principles of Locke, and by the accession of William III., and of the House of Hanover. Its principles were silently taught and handed down through the 18th century by the non-jurors; a sect of learned and zealous men who split off from the Church of England, with an Episcopal succession, when they were called on to take the oath of allegiance to William III.; and it has revived in our own day in a large and spreading party in the Church of England, by means of that movement, commenced in the *Tracts for the Times* (hence called Tractarian), of which so much is said in the present volume.

"Secondly, the Evangelical party, which is the life of the Bible societies through the world, and of most of the Protestant missionary societies. This party may be said to have begun in the Puritans, who first showed themselves in the last years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; it was well-nigh cast out of the Church of England on the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660. It took refuge among the dissenters from that Church, and was gradually expiring when its doctrines revived with great success by means of the celebrated preachers, Whitfield and Wesley, both Anglican clergymen, who founded the influential sect of the Methodists. At the same time that they formed a sect external to the Established Church, they exerted an important influence in that Church itself, and developed gradually in it the Evangelical party, who are at present far the most powerful of the three schools whom we are engaged in enumerating.

"Thirdly, the Liberal party, in former centuries called by the less honourable name of Latitudinarian. It rose out of the quasi-Catholic or court party of Charles I.'s reign, and was fostered and spread by the introduction into England of the principles of Grotius and of the Arminians of Holland. The philosophy of Locke has already been mentioned as acting in the same direction. It took the part of the Revolution of 1688, and stood by the Whigs, by William III., and by the House of Hanover. The genius of its principles is adverse to display or proselytism; and though it has had conspicuous writers among Anglican divines, it has not numbered many followers till the last ten years, when, irritated by the success of the Tractarians, taking advantage of the conversion to Rome of some of their principal men, and aided by the importation into England of German literature, it has suddenly come forward on the public stage, and has propagated itself with such wonderful rapidity among the educated classes, that it would seem as if, in the next generation, the religious world will be divided between deists and Catholics. Indeed its principles and modes of reasoning do not stop even at deism.

"If the Anglican communion simply consisted of these three parties, it could not endure. It would be broken up by its internal dissensions. But there is a far larger party in it than these three theological parties, which created by, and availing itself of, the legal status of the Church, its endowments, and its fabrics of worship, is the ballast and bond of union of the whole. This is the party of order, or the Conservatives, or, as hitherto they have been called, the Tories. It is not a religious party; not that it does not include a large number of religious men in its ranks, but that its principles and watchwords are political, or at least ecclesiastical rather than theological. Its members are not Tractarians, nor Evangelicals, nor Liberals; or if they are, they are so in a very mild and inoffensive form; for in the eyes of the world their chief characteristic is that of being advocates of an Establishment, and of the Establishment; and they are more eager that there should be a National Church than careful what that National Church professes. It has been said above that the great principle of the Anglican Church is its dependence

upon and its subserviency to the civil power, or what its enemies call its Erastianism. As on the one hand this is its great principle, so on the other is that principle embodied in so large a party, both of clergy and laity, that *party* is scarcely a fitting word to use of them. They constitute the mass of the Church; especially the clergy throughout the country, bishops, deans, chapters, *curés*, have ever been distinguished by their Toryism. In the seventeenth century they held the Divine right of kings; and they have ever since gloried in the doctrine that 'the King is the head of the Church,' while their dinner toast, 'Church and King,' has been their collateral protest that of course the spirituality of the realm is more precious and sacred than the temporality. They have ever shown an extreme aversion to what they consider 'the usurped power' of the Pope. Their chief theological tenet is, that the Bible contains all necessary truth, and that there is a Divine promise that every individual Christian shall be able to find it there for himself. They preach Christ as the one Mediator, redemption by His death, renewal by His Spirit, and the necessity of good works. This large body of men—the true representatives of that good sense for which England is, for good and evil, so famous—look for the most part with suspicion on all theology and all theological parties; and in particular on the three which have already been described. In the seventeenth century they opposed the Puritans; at the end of that century they opposed the Latitudinarians; in the middle of the eighteenth they opposed the Methodists and Evangelicals; and in our time they were first strong against the Tractarians and now against the Liberals.

"This party of order, or Establishment party, has, of course, many subdivisions. *E.g.* the country clergy, being in easy circumstances, and on terms of intimacy with the country gentlemen, and being always kind and charitable, are, in consequence of their position, though not in consequence of their doctrines, held in great respect and attachment by the lower classes. Many of those who have had large incomes and little to do, as the members of chapters in cathedral towns, have before now fallen into habits of self-indulgence. Those who have had prominent situations in large cities and towns have grown into habits of pomp and hauteur, while they have boasted of a precise orthodoxy, which was cold and almost lifeless. The self-indulgent clergy have before now been nicknamed 'two-bottle orthodox,' as if their highest zeal for religion was shown in toasting 'Church and King' in port-wine; and the pompous dignitaries in large town parishes have been nicknamed 'high and dry.' These two familiar titles occur at p. 14 and p. 40 of this work.

"Three other words have to be explained, which stand in contrast with each other, and one or more of which are used in this work,—High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church. About the last of these, indeed, there is no difficulty; for the word 'broad' answers to 'Latitudinarian,' and by the Broad Church therefore is meant the Liberal party. But High and Low Church cannot at once be understood.

"By High Church, then, is meant that teaching which makes

much of the prerogatives and authority of the Church ; however, not so much of the Church's *invisible* powers as of its privileges and gifts as a visible body ; and, as in Anglicanism those temporal privileges have always depended on the civil power, therefore it happens accidentally that a High Churchman is pretty much the same as an Erastian ; that is, one who denies the proper spiritual power of the Church, and holds that the Church is one department of civil government. Thus a High Churchman may be a Calvinist, as was Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Elizabeth ; and as, at least in early life, Hooker, the Master of the Temple. He may be a quasi-Catholic, as was Laud ; he may be a Latitudinarian, as was Hoadley. Low Church, of course, is the contrary to High Church. If, then, the High-Church party are those who stand up for Church and King, the party of the Low Church, on the other hand, anathematise such Erastian doctrine, and consider it anti-Christian to give to the state any power over the Church of God, as the Puritans and Independents, who preferred Cromwell to King Charles. However, now that the Puritans have ceased to exist in England, the word 'Low Church' has ceased to represent an ecclesiastical idea, and denotes a theological party, being a synonym for 'evangelical ;' and in consequence a corresponding change has occurred as regards the word 'High Church,' which, instead of simply denoting the adherents of 'Church and King,' or the Erastians, has come to have a theological signification, and to denote the semi-Catholic party. Thus, at the present day, it is common to call even the Tractarians by the name of High Church, though they began by denouncing Erastianism, and were furiously attacked on their rise by the High-Church or Establishment party in Oxford."

The Irish Farmer's Sunday Morning.

[These verses were written many years ago, and even then were founded on very old recollections.]

THROUGH breast of care-worn mortal rarely darts
Pleasure more keen than honest peasant knows
When out of slumbers long and deep he starts,
And thinks "'tis Sunday!" and his fancy goes
Sporting amid the restful hours, and shows
His one whole day for ease and chatting friends,
Himself refulgent in his Sunday clothes:
While a vague sadness with his rapture blends—
The Sunday's come; but soon, too soon, the Sunday ends!

To-day no need to start at chilly dawn,
Or drudge the misty, hungry morning through.
Sleep, honest soul! you're weary still—sleep on,
Since God ordains, less for Himself than you,
That man shall 'neath this sun no labour do.
And yet betimes, into the bluish air,
Some needful Sabbath duties to pursue,
Noiseless he issues forth with tiptoe care,
Lest his stout tramp disturb the dear ones sleeping there.

The mother slumbers on: for she had toiled
Till it was almost Sunday, striving hard
That in her children's garb should nothing soiled
Or torn appear. Vain effort, rudely marred
Ere half the day be done, though pious ward
Is by the elder sister kept o'er all—
So matronly and of so grave regard.
Ah! many a bramble, many a leap and fall
Await those Sunday clothes which deck the chairs and wall.

The breakfast ready, what a welcome beams
On every well-washed face, that looks its best!
While from the brownest crockery up steams
That beverage which of its magic zest
The disenchanter, Use, can ne'er divest;

But here, reserved for feasts and Sabbath morns,
It comes a ten-times honoured, welcomed guest.
Simple their fare beside : yet whoso scorns
Knows not how rich the board that hale content adorns.

Before the sire an egg all lonely lies,
Relished the more if late its author swam ;*
Whereof the top, removed 'neath wistful eyes,
Regales his little pet, his youngest lamb,—
Her with the flaxen curls and eyes so calm.
Before the sire the white bread too is laid,
To be dispensed in slices thin, like ham :
For it, alas ! the hard-earned pence were paid ;
The gulf still left is filled with coarser sort, home-made.

Now clattering cups and crunching teeth are o'er,
And all consent to sign a truce at last ;
Albeit Tom thinks he could do something more,
And Bess and Mary at the teapot cast
Glances not quite indifferent. But fast
All hurry off, their toilets to complete ;
For easy undress graced their brisk repast.
Had they sat down elaborately neat,
Their work had been performed less freely and less fleet.

Then was there brushing in hot haste ; the vest,
Tight-fitting jacket, pants of royal cord,
Are burnished up with zeal that knows no rest
Till industry has met its due reward.
For when did frameless looking-glass afford
Glimpse of more brilliantly apparelled boy ?
Ah, may no rent or accident untoward
His elegant placidity alloy,
Enshrined in stoutest frieze and roughest corduroy !

With face washed spotless—ah, laborious task !—
And chin close-shorn, blocked up in starched snow,
The “good man” of the house his boys doth ask
If they at last are ready. “Come, let's go :
No time to lose”—though well the rogue doth know

* Which signifieth that ducks' eggs commend themselves more to the rustic palate than eggs of milder flavour.

They really have ample time to spare.
 The lads, however, no reluctance show—
 An hour too soon is neither here nor there,
 While folk have tongues to wag, and eyes to wink and stare.

Meanwhile the eldest sister scrubs amain
 With tender roughness at the younger fry,
 Achieving cleanliness with trifling pain
 When soap extorts a whimpering "*O, my eye!*"—
 May God be praised, with all my soul I cry,
 For giving elder sisters! Who as they
 Can soothe and chide us, guard and purify,
 Discreetly scold, and then, good-humoured, play?
 Mother and sister both, so grave and yet so gay.

At length the mother issues forth arrayed
 In all her splendour—for the sun shines bright—
 Grumbling benignly that she is delayed
 By her two youngest, not yet wholly "right."
 But now they beam before her, and delight
 The mother's heart with prettiness sedate.
 Off hand-in-hand they set, a touching sight;
 While she, half angry, cries, as clicks the gate,
 "Mind, 'tis the curate's day—I'll lay my life you're late."

Ah! ma'am, take care lest thou thyself to-day
 Be later still: for, lo! before thee there
 Two of thy cronies loiter by the way.
 Come, hasten on, their converse sweet to share,
 First having marked what sort of gown they wear.
 And then the three discourse of auld lang syne,
 The hardships which e'en thrifty housewives bear—
 The measles' ravages 'midst babes and swine,
 The price of tea, the health of horses, husbands, kine.

The hedge-rows green now bursting out in song—
 The fields that teem with blossomed stalks or corn—
 The sights, sounds, scents, the summer air that throng—
 All voiceless cry, "This, this is Sunday morn!"
 O! by the Sabbath spirit do not scorn
 Your neighbour yonder with the shabby cloak,
 Whose little girl's best frock is patched and worn—
 Once rich as you, till pestilential stroke
 Smote three fine cows; and then the husband's heart was broke.

Our honest friend thus chats away, and eyes
 The groups that pass. But who's that maiden tall
 Shining in muslin of the gayest dyes?
 "Why, that's my Mary, bravest of them all!"
 Then doth she with meek pride her daughter call,
 On whose young cheek an artless blush is raised,
 O, may no darker shadow ever fall!
 Pure soul, the love wherewith the angels gazed
 Upon her then shall last for ever, God be praised!

Thicker the pilgrim bands now through the road;
 And, see, it peers from out yon clump of trees,
 The white-washed chapel. Ah! too mean abode
 To lodge the King of ages, who yet sees
 More 'neath that lowly roof His heart to please
 Than greets His eye in vast cathedral fane.
 From pomp and pride the Lord of glory flees,
 Whilst 'midst the simple-hearted, poor and plain,
 With a peculiar joy His Spirit doth remain.

Around the churchyard-gate a buzzing crowd.
 Wouldst learn the theme that stirreth every tongue,
 It is the question roared so oft aloud,
 Whispered so oft men's eager throngs among,
 As if the noblest ever said or sung—
 O'er which in every rank and clime men gloat—
 Which on men's lips for ages must have hung,
 Ere spake Demosthenes,* ere Horace wrote:
 "Tell me, I prithee tell, the newest thing afloat!"

The reverend patriarchs, throned on yonder wall,
 With ardour keen their last debate renew
 Upon the great world's politics, and all
 The current wars and markets: though 'tis true
 Their facts are stale, apocryphal, and few,
 Their judgments wrong, predictions false no doubt;
 And like to councils of more weight which you
 And I could name, they'd make more modest rout,
 Knew they a little more of what they talk about.

* βούλεσθε . . . πυνθάνεσθαι κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν, λέγεται τί καινόν; Demos.
 1 Phil. circa init.

Where are the boys? My muse is grieved to tell
 That some are "pitching buttons" at their ease,
 Screened by the alders round the neighbouring well;
 While others these expectant moments seize
 To hurl the "shoulder-stone." More staid than these,
 A few aspire to join the gaping crowd
 Who listen while, with mystic cough and sneeze,
 The "Master" reads, bespectacled, aloud
 A journal nine days old, with whine serenely proud.

Nor deem that all the parish in the sun
 Their Sunday legs are idly dangling here.
 The women all, and all the males who've won
 Repute of sanctity, and those who fear
 The threatening rain, their course directly steer
 To where the drone of this most saintly hive,
 A learned tailor, chants forth bold and clear
 The rosary-prayers, while ancient matrons strive
 With zealous haste for one shrill decade of the five.

What bodes that lull among the herd profane
 Out in the grassy churchyard congregate?
 At last the priest glides through the narrow lane
 Of bowing heads, with grave paternal state.
 The good old man hastes not, though very late,
 But has his joke for some, his smile for all,
 Heedless of those who long impatient wait
 Round that square wart which decks the rearward wall—
 Parlour and sacristy, and eke confessional.

And now each seeks his place within the pile
 'Mid the last warnings of yon tongue of brass,
 Which from aloft screams round o'er half a mile,
 "The priest is here—O, come, O, come to Mass!"
 Those strains, I ween, in angels' thought surpass
 Viol and harp, and e'en in carnal ears
 Sound less discordant than that hymn, alas,
 Now bellowed forth as if each singer fears
His part's unheard.—But hush! the vested priest appears.

Before him strut two chubby, surpliced boys:
 One rings a bell with somewhat pompous skill,
 If skilful ringing aim at making noise;
 The other looks and listens, pleased but ill—
 Well, never mind! when *his* turn comes, he will.

Beat Tommy's ringing hollow. Then the pair
Kneel with crossed hands and eyes half-closed, yet still
(Watching the moment for *Amen*) they dare
Some sidelong peeps to note how many envious stare.

The Acts of sorrow, faith, hope, love, are read;
The Holy Water sheds its cleansing shower;
All rise, and Mary's Angelus is said,
And then begins the rite of mystic power.
What portents crowd that quiet, happy hour!
The tide of grace swells high in many a heart
Which of simplicity hath ample dower,
Lending it strength to bear the worrying smart
Of all the toils and cares that form the poor man's part.

The maid that hath with letters tinctured been
Her prayer-book doth with holy face peruse,
Conscious the while she prayeth not unseen—
Well, let him watch her praying, if he choose:
Her lips move none the less for that. Ah! Suse,
Are not you thinking how, ere months be flown,
The parish may be startled by the news:
"You've heard the wedding?"—"That I long have known—
A likely boy, but not too good for Susan Keown."

Then, this distraction slowly thrust aside,
With graver piety her prayers she reads;
While some, less learned, survey take more wide,
Consulting duly for the spirit's needs
By fingering audibly their huge black beads.
The good old crones close to the altar kneel
In glaring cotton or in sober weeds,
While vigorous sighs and motions quaint reveal
Not more devotion than their simple bosoms feel.

Beseems it not in such rude playful strain
To do aught more than meekly bow the head
In hush of soul, as chimes that bell again
To tell the Sacrifice is midway sped.
He who will judge the living and the dead
Steals hither now in less terrific form,
As if His low-born love disguised to wed—
Nor yet unloved, unworshipped. Hark! the storm
Of stifled sighs that burst from hearts unstained and warm.

But now no more : though more, much more, is said
And thought and done, the muse might not disown.
But ah ! for me those pastoral days are fled,
And 'mid the garish streets my lot is thrown.
For fields and flowers and waves I trust alone
To Memory, garrulous, half-welcome guest,
That chatters gaily lest the door be shown.
Call upon her and Fancy for the rest,
Or mark such scenes yet found in Erin, poor, but blest.

O Erin ! O my mother ! fondest child
Of our own Mother, Queen of earth and heaven—
Truest to her, who, while on earth exiled,
Has been to us as nursing mother given.
May ne'er thy chain of Roman faith be riven !
And from her throne celestial may our Queen,
On every Sabbath morn and Sabbath even,
Gaze down with joy on many a holy scene
Like that I've sung with more of truth than skill, I ween.

Mr. Grove on Continuity.

THE words addressed by the President of the British Association, speaking from his place to the society assembled at their great annual gathering, cannot but be worthy of attention. The British Association for the Advancement of Science afforded the earliest example of that plan of holding meetings in various districts which was afterwards successfully adopted by other societies. The Archæological Institute, and the promoters of Social Science, follow the example set by the elder body, and annually in one or other of our great towns gather the men most eminent in their respective pursuits, who thus year by year meet and become acquainted with all throughout the country that love their favourite studies. Words spoken on an occasion such as this are addressed to a wide audience—far wider than that which enlivened the theatre at Nottingham in the last week of August. Reports more or less ample and reliable are every where circulated, and the comparative rarity of the occasion concentrates upon them greater attention. Views thus propounded will certainly be considered by all who take any interest in the topics discussed; the popular disseminators of knowledge will feel safe in adopting what comes to them with such authority; and thus what is called “public opinion” is to no small degree influenced and modified.

The British Association is an institution of which the British people may be justly proud. It is characteristic of our country that private persons banded in a purely voluntary union, unprivileged save by a charter conferring no more rights than what are shared by every trading company, should have succeeded in attaining a position no way inferior to the academies on which elsewhere royal patronage has lavished wealth and exclusive powers. Let us speak of one instance only in which private enterprise has with no selfish object accomplished what might seem a fit work for the resources of a government. All have heard of the Kew Observatory; and many know that it serves as a centre of communication for matters regarding all observations of meteorological, magnetical, and kindred phenomena. To the assiduous collection of these we look, as to the only ground of hope that we shall ever gain that knowledge which will be power as to the variable weather of our island. Many also know how fully and courteously assistance is there afforded to the humblest inquirer. This Observatory is a national establishment, but in no way does it owe its existence to the Government: it is, in the language of Mr. Grove, “the petted child of the British Association.”

In this particular year, the personal character of the President of the meeting will insure for him a hearing from many who might

not care to look at the speculations of one who was unknown beyond the world of science. Mr. Grove is no professor, but is well known for his successful performance of the duties of an active and laborious public life. Litigation regarding patents demands a thoroughly practical mind; and to this branch Mr. Grove has devoted his powers as an advocate, while he has yet found time for those researches and speculations which have placed him so high among the students of Nature. On all accounts the Nottingham address was likely to gain a large number of readers; and we believe that it has been read extensively. Particular passages have been admired for their beauty by many who understood little of the drift of the whole; but with the general applause elicited have been intermingled some complaints. It is alleged that the Nottingham meeting was made an occasion for the dissemination of infidel principles; and the whole of the British Association is compromised in the eyes of the "religious public" by the guilt of its President. Of course Catholics do not acknowledge themselves behind any of the sects around them in their zeal to uphold all the truths which divine revelation has made known to man; and they cannot but rejoice when any portion of the religious action of England is devoted to maintaining rather than to destroying those portions of the inheritance of faith which heresy has so far spared. But Catholics know how often this same religious action is turned to the destruction of much that they hold dear and sacred; and they have the best reason to know how prejudice the blindest and most unreasoning takes the place of fair inquiry and argument. We cannot be confident that the tongues habitually employed in unscrupulous assertion against ourselves should speak unwonted truth when they turn to inveigh against physical inquirers. But, looking into the Discourse for ourselves, we are obliged to confess that we seem to discover grave philosophical error.

A difficulty is presented to the critics of the Discourse in the fact that no authorised report has yet, to our knowledge, appeared. Some considerable time necessarily elapses between the close of the meeting and the publication of the official account of its proceedings; and the President's address takes its place among the other contributions. Meantime, however, various periodicals have presented to their readers their own reports of what was said—reports sometimes no doubt corrected by the person whose words are there abridged, but without any of that public recognition necessary to fix on him any responsibility. In reading such a report we can have no certainty as to the authorship of any particular expression. To be assured of the words by which the President must be judged, we must wait. But meantime the newspaper reports are read, and are doing the work, for good or for evil, which they are calculated to produce: to the great mass of men they are the only account of the matter. If, then, criticism is to do any good, it must be founded on these early reports, and must, in fact, be criticism upon them rather than upon any reputed speaker. If, then, we express disagreement with any of the views put forward in the reports of the Nottingham address, which are before the public, we must be understood to do

so on the supposition, which may be inaccurate, that those reports represent fairly the words of Mr. Grove.

The great objection which we have to the argument of the address is that propositions, undoubtedly true to a certain extent, and of the highest importance, are carried to unjustifiable length; a length for which the arguments adduced in support wholly fail, and which in fact seems entirely opposed to reason. If the author were compelled to avow whether or not he intended his assertions to be understood without exception or limitation, it is possible that he would decline to abide by what he has said. We hope the case may be so; but the discourse must be judged as it stands; and the great mass of readers will assuredly take the words in their full extent. They will imagine that they have for what they read the collective authority of all the students of science in the British empire. They will go further, as in fact many have gone. It will appear to them that the principles which are needed for the support of what is here said would in fact give support to much more: and thus we have newspapers telling their readers what the President of the British Association obviously thought upon various subjects, although, as they say, he was withheld by prudential considerations from speaking out his whole mind. Then follow laments upon the bigotry yet rampant in the country in spite of three hundred years of free thought; and then aspirations for the happy future, when prudence shall no longer hinder any man from speaking what he thinks.

Now of course we do not hold Mr. Grove responsible for what these diviners of his opinions have been pleased to attribute to him. But he is responsible for a looseness of thought, or at least of language, which has given some countenance to their wild suggestions. We propose to illustrate this by extracting some passages from the address. We use the report contained in *The Reader* for August 25, 1866.

"One word will give you the key to what I am about to discourse on; that word is *continuity*—no new word and used in no new sense, but perhaps applied more generally than it has hitherto been. We shall see, unless I am much mistaken, that the development of observational, experimental, and even deductive knowledge is either attained by steps so extremely small as to form really a continuous ascent, or when distinct results apparently separate from any coordinate phenomena have been attained, that then by the subsequent progress of science, intermediate links have been discovered, uniting the apparently segregated instances with other more familiar phenomena. . . . In the changes which take place in time gradual progress is, and apparently must be, the course of nature."

In this passage there seems to be some ambiguity. We do not clearly see whether the gradual progress spoken of in the passage is from one phenomenon to another, or from our knowledge of one to our knowledge of another; nor is the ambiguity cleared up by the subjoined illustrations, which favour partly the former view, partly the latter. Yet the difference is important. With regard to material phenomena, of which alone the President is speaking, it seems that gradual progress must be the course of nature. All the complicated results of the action of matter are ultimately reducible to motions of

particles through finite spaces. These motions must commence in consequence of the action of force, and must require a finite time for their execution. If executed *per saltum*, by way of instantaneous jump from place to place, an infinite velocity must exist, for the generation of which an infinite force would be needed; and such a force cannot exist, for it would necessarily exclude all other forces. The possibility of this gradual progress results from the continuity which is found in space, in time, and in motion; but no such continuity can be affirmed of our progress in knowledge. We necessarily ascend in knowledge by steps; if, for instance, we compare the knowledge of astronomy possessed by ourselves with that possessed in the fifteenth century, we find a difference; and our present position has been attained by a finite number of advances. There have assuredly been intervals of time—short perhaps, but not less real—during which no addition whatever has been made; and then instantaneously the mind of some student has conceived an idea the conception of which has formed a substantial advance. Thus a step has been made, an ascent, not indefinitely small, executed in an indefinitely short space of time; and it cannot be said that knowledge so gained has been gained continuously.

It is true that an ascent composed of small though finite steps may in popular language be called continuous; but popular looseness is out of place in the definition given at the commencement of a discourse upon a philosophical subject, and intended to explain the one word which will give the key to all that follows. Such looseness is peculiarly unfortunate when, as here, it consists in the omission to notice a distinction which is of vital importance in the whole subject of the discourse; in the action of material substance continuity is always found. In the action of spiritual substance it is not always found; and the lamentable result is that the reader's attention is withdrawn from the existence and peculiar character of the latter.

Further on we meet with another omission, so marked that we almost feel justified in regarding it as equivalent to a distinct assertion. Mr. Grove is speaking of the constant evolution of heat by the sun, and, as is probable, by the stars. In the spirit of that beautiful doctrine of the correlation of physical forces, of which he may justly be considered the apostle, he cannot admit that this heat ceases to exist; it may cease to exist as heat; but as all reflecting minds are now convinced that force cannot be annihilated,* the force is not lost,

* We take no objection to this expression: the meaning obviously is, that in the ordinary course of nature force is not annihilated. The occasion did not require any notice of the possibility of divine interference out of the ordinary course of nature. However startling the doctrine that force is never annihilated might have appeared not long since, it probably now seems self-evident to all who bring the question before their minds. An elementary illustration may be not out of place here. A boat continues to move through the water for some time after the propelling force has ceased to act, but this motion gradually ceases. What has become of the force which gave rise to the motion? Some would answer that it ceased to exist, the velocity which it generated being destroyed by the resistance of the water. It seems, however, more reasonable to say that the motion of the boat is not

but its mode of action is changed. He then continues: "What becomes of the heat thus radiated into space? If the universe have no limit—and it is difficult to conceive one—there is a constant evolution of heat and light; and yet more is given off than received by each cosmical body, for otherwise night would be as light and as warm as day." We have put in italics the words to which we would call attention. We are here told, and truly, that it is difficult to conceive a limit to the universe; but we are not reminded that the difficulty which we may find in conceiving any object is neither a proof of the non-existence of that object, nor in fact furnishes any presumption against its existence. The difficulty may arise not from any repugnance inherent in the object, but from our own limited knowledge and intelligence. The native of the tropics finds it difficult to conceive the effects of Arctic frost, yet we know that sledge journeys over the ice are possible. A century back such an instrument as the Atlantic telegraph would have been inconceivable to the great mass of men, perhaps to every man then alive. Yet the thing has been shown to be possible and actual. Still there can be no doubt that the words, "if the universe have no limit, and it is difficult to conceive one," would be understood by most readers to convey a denial of the existence of such a limit; and it appears most probable that the author intended them to be so understood. This doctrine seems open to grave objections.

In the first place, we must endeavour to get a clear idea of what is meant by the universe; and here we may notice that the universe spoken of is plainly the material universe. The subject under discussion is the distribution of heat through the universe; and heat belongs exclusively to matter. What, then, is meant by a limit to the material universe? The limit must be a geometrical surface, on one side of which there is matter, while on the other side of it there is none. In the view of those who teach that matter is continuous throughout spaces of finite volume, whether separated one from the other by finite intervals or not, matter would be said to be in all points within one of these volumes, and at all points not more distant from the surface of the volume than the greatest of such intervals. In the language of those who teach that matter consists merely of attractive or repulsive forces residing in mathematical points, matter would be said to be in these centres of force, and at a distance around them not greater than the interval which does in fact separate any one from its nearest neighbour.* Whatever lan-

destroyed, but is communicated to the particles of water, which are driven from their places by the advancing body: the collected *momenta* of the particles which are so put into motion would be found equal to the *momentum* which the boat has lost.

* In one sense, each element is wherever its attractive or repulsive power could produce any effect, that is to say, at any distance whatever. Thus the sun is *virtually* at each point of the earth's surface, inasmuch as the virtue (*virtus*, influence) of the luminary is there felt: but to have regard to this virtual presence would only embarrass us in considering the question of limits to the universe. When a needle resting on a sheet of paper is moved by means of a magnet placed beneath the paper, the magnet is *virtually* where the needle is: but certainly there is a true sense in which we may say that the magnet is beneath the paper, and not above it.

guage we use, a point can be assigned where any particular element of matter is not; and if no other material element be there, that point is beyond the limits of the material universe.

To show that such a point must exist, it is enough to consider the effect of travelling on in some given straight line. Starting from a point on the earth's surface, at which a material element is, and fixing our direction by means of a point where a second element is, we travel on in imagination, and arrive at a point on our straight line, where the second element is not. If no other element is there, we have found what we seek, a geometrical point, where no matter is. If, however, a third element is there, we proceed further, and pass from point to point at which successive elements are found: but however long the succession may be, it must at length come to an end. We know that the material universe extends as far as the distance of the farthest nebula, the gleam of which has been seen in our telescopes; and no man can guess how small a fraction of the whole extent this distance may be. But sooner or later the last element would be reached. To deny this would be to assert that the number of elements successively encountered on such a straight line would be greater than any assignable number; but any two elements whatever being considered, the number of elements between them is certainly greater than the number which separates either of them from some intermediate element. Hence this latter number is not greater than any assignable number, for it is not greater than the former number: moreover, any two elements being considered, the distance between them must bear some determinate ratio to the distance which we call a mile, that is, the distance between any two elements whatsoever is a certain determinate number of miles, for if the number be greater than what can be assigned, it would follow that three elements being taken in one straight line, the number of miles between the first and third would be no greater than that between the second and third; whereas the one must be greater than the other by the whole number of miles between the first and second. It seems, therefore, that the material universe must have a limit, however remote we may suppose it to be; considerations of greater or less have here no place. To the old question, as to the effect of continuing our course along the supposed straight line beyond the limit which we allege to exist, the answer seems to be that, if matter come to be in a place where matter was not before, the limits of the material universe have changed. In fact, since material elements are probably never at rest for any finite time, the limit must be in a state of constant fluctuation. The limit dividing the ocean from the air resting upon it continually fluctuates, but no one therefore doubts the existence of the limit.

The remarks which we have been just making are founded upon the omission of Mr. Grove to notice that, whether or not we can conceive a limit to the material universe, such a limit must exist. This omission appears nearly equivalent to a denial of its existence; and we find another instance of the like pregnant silence in the remarks made upon the origin of species. The passage is too long for quota-

tion, but it is enough to say that the successive evolution of one species from another, as opposed to their sudden independent springing into existence, is supported on the ground of our inability to conceive definitely how such an event could have occurred. Lucretius is quoted, arguing that if creation out of nothing took place, we should see an elephant, for example; fall from the sky, or rise out of the earth; but nothing of the sort is seen to take place. Now this is arguing from our experience to universal experience; arguing that because we never see an act of creation, therefore such an act has never taken place. If the point to be proved is merely that no such act has taken place in our time, we know not against whom the argument is directed. We have no wish to enter on the question of the origin of species, which is a purely scientific question, to be discussed like any other question of physical science by cautious generalisation of observed phenomena; but those who undertake to give to their readers the widest and deepest views upon the subject ought to guard against even seeming to ignore the necessity of a primitive creation. If they deny this necessity, and assert that the material universe had no beginning, then they will be seen to maintain that matter is an eternal, independent, self-existing substance, undistinguishable, in fact, from the divine Substance. If, however, they shrink from this doctrine, let them avow that a creative act did once call into being matter which before no way existed; they will then be at liberty to discuss and settle on the evidence presented by the phenomena around them, whether or not physical laws are sufficient to account for all the motions that take place upon the earth, including those concerned in the generation of animals, and the variation of their types. Mr. Grove's address admirably points out how the tendency of scientific discovery is to reduce phenomena the most various and unlike to the character of results of some simple law; to imitate again and again that great generalisation by which Newton exploded the whole distinction of sublunary and supralunary matter; and it may be that the time will come when all material motions whatever will be seen to result from the mutual attractions and repulsions of the finite number of elements which compose the universe; the attraction or repulsion of each varying in intensity in accordance with Newton's law. The attainment of such a result is conceivable, if time be allowed for the necessary advance of mathematical science and physical research, and if from time to time men arise, like Mr. Grove, able to embrace in one view all the dissevered branches of the inquiry, to indicate what has been done towards the establishment of this continuity of knowledge, and to point out what region affords best hope of the next advance.

All this, we say, is conceivable; but it may be, on the other hand, that the continued investigation of nature will finally guide us to some class of phenomena which are demonstrably irreducible to any physical law. But however this may be, no good can result from obscuring to the learner the limitation of the material universe both in space and time, or any other truth, by whatever arguments it may be established.

From Cowper's Lines on his Mother's Picture.

O UTINAM eloquium labris accederet istis !
 Vita mihi, extincta te, satis atra fuit ;
 Hæc tibi sunt labia, et, quem novi infantulus, idem
 Dulciter arridens ore trelucet Amor. |
 Verba silent : vocem tamen ipsa silentia præstant,
 Et sonat insolitum rursus in aure melos
 " Desine, care puer, vano indulgere dolori ;
 Quid tibi cum lachrymis ? quæ tibi causa metûs ?"
 Hi dulces oculi, referentes intima sensûs,
 Lugentem recreant lumine ut ante, suo,
 Sic tempusque vorax vincit, Parcasque rapaces,
 Sic valet elapsos Ars revocare dies.
 Cara diu amissæ salve genitricis imago !
 Grata, licet sero veneris, hospes, ave !
 Præcipis ut visam post tempora longa parentem
 Carminis incompti simplicitate colam ;
 En ego, ut injuncto properem me accingere penso
 Lætus ovansque, velut si sua verba forent ;
 Dumque pios facies renovat simulata dolores,
 Mirificam tribuat Musa fidelis opem ;
 Captivos teneat sensus gratissimus error,
 Et matrem puero fingat adesse suo !

F. O.

Our Library Table. *



1. CONINGTON's *Æneid*.
2. The *Saturday Review* on Excommunication.
3. *Revue des Questions Historiques*.
4. Dr. Austin's *Guests*.
5. *Myths of the Middle Ages*.
6. *Legends of the Irish Celts*.
7. *Bertrand du Guesclin, and Joan of Arc*.

1. Mr. Conington, the Professor of Latin at Oxford, has already won for himself the gratitude of scholars by his labours as a commentator on Virgil. He has devoted himself especially to this poet, and it cannot be doubted that Virgil is far better understood and appreciated now than twenty years ago in consequence. As far as love for his author and the most conscientious and industrious study of his works are concerned, Mr. Conington has unusual qualifications for the task of a translator of Virgil. We gain, in his present work,* the full advantage of the progress in scholarship made since the days of Dryden, and particularly of Mr. Conington's own critical studies. We are passing now into a period when nothing slipshod or imperfect in this respect will be tolerated in the translators of the classics. Mr. Conington has himself remarked that "a translation may have as a piece of embodied criticism a value which it would not possess in virtue of its intrinsic merit." His own work most amply illustrates these words. It will most materially as well as most pleasantly assist the Virgilian student in many a difficult passage; and—which is a still higher praise to give it—it will help the same student in many a passage which he has thought easy and of no great depth or refinement of beauty, to discover the less obtrusive treasures which the tender and delicate hand of Virgil

"Veils, half untold, that we the more may muse."

The true test of a translation, however, is the answer to the question, whether it conveys to those who have never seen the original as fair an idea of that original as is possible in another language? There are perhaps very few translations of poetry which rise to the full height of this standard. Some languages are less rich and less flexible than others, and their genius, even when strained to the utmost, makes them unequal to the task imposed upon them in the translation of a masterpiece. English is perhaps not copious enough as a representative of Greek, and it has nothing that answers to the latter in its beautiful inflexions and ease of composition. It

* *The Æneid of Virgil, translated into English verse.* By John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London, 1866.

may be as rich as Latin, but it is less terse and less elegant. But some authors are far more translatable than others; Homer than Pindar or Æschylus, Juvenal than Virgil. Virgil is, in reality, one of the most difficult of authors. We may tell a first-rate from a second-rate scholar as well by setting both to construe twenty lines of a well-known passage in the *Æneid* or the *Georgics*, as by choosing a speech in Thucydides, or a chorus in Æschylus as the test in an examination. Virgil is one of the commonest of all school-books, yet few men even in the class examinations at Oxford will render him perfectly. His charm lies not only in his sweetness, his pathos, his tenderness, but in the fact that these are wedded to so much strength and dignity, and in the half playful, half melancholy irony—in the old sense of the word—with which his deeper thoughts are hinted at rather than expressed. He was a perfect master of expression: the beauty of his style is unapproachable. What is a translator to do with such a poet? He must console himself with the thought that he may do very well without quite succeeding, and that it is a great thing to have given even half an idea of Virgil to English readers.

Setting aside the great superiority of Mr. Conington's present translation on the score of accurate and discerning fidelity, it may also be justly said to read very fairly as an English poem. We think an unclassical reader will here and there have to pause to make out the meaning. Even the opening lines are liable to this criticism,—strangely enough, for there is no difficulty in the original. Mr. Conington begins thus:

"Arms and the man I sing, who first
By fate of *Ilion* realm amerced,
To fair *Italia* onward bore,
And landed on *Lavinium's* shore."

This is inauspicious: but it is fair to say, that such blemishes are not very common in his pages. Our readers will see by this short quotation that he has chosen the metre of *Marmion* for his translation. He gives us the reasons for this in his preface, and they are not insignificant. He is afraid of trying the heroic couplet, because there Dryden has been before him: blank verse, he thinks, is only well written by one or two men in a generation: there are other reasons against the Spenserian stanza. He does not condescend to mention English hexameters: which may perhaps find hereafter what they have not yet found—a poet who can use them well. He has been led to the metre of Scott partly by an exhaustive process, which left it his only alternative, partly from its ease, partly from the rapidity which it allows. We fear that this metre has only been proved by Mr. Conington's attempt to be no true representative of the Virgilian verse. It appears to us incurably deficient in dignity. It may sometimes, for a short time, in the hands of a master, be the vehicle of a grand poetic passage: but its ordinary flow is that of a rivulet rather than of a river. The true English metre for Virgil is that which Milton has used to embody so much sweetness as well as so much grandeur, the metre of Cowper, Wordsworth, and Tennyson,

in which Lord Derby has been so successful as a translator of Homer. If the English language can render Virgil, it must be in blank verse, or in its rhyming sister, the heroic couplet which Dryden has used so well.

Let us, however, give Mr. Conington the chance of winning our readers' verdict against our own decision by letting them see how he has rendered some well-known passage. There is a part of the prophecy of Anchises in the Sixth Book, ending with some of the finest and most thoroughly Virgilian lines in the whole Æneid :

" Say, shall I show you face to face
The monarchs of Tarquinian race,
And vengeful Brutus, proud to wring
The people's fasces from a king ?
He first in consul's pomp shall lift
The axe and rods, the freeman's gift,
And call his own rebellious seed
For menac'd liberty to bleed.
Unhappy Father ! howsoe'er
The deed be judg'd by after days,
His country's love shall all o'erbear,
And unextinguish'd thirst of praise.
Then move the Decii, Drusus here,
Torquatus too, with axe severe,
And great Camillus : mark him show
Rome's standards rescued from the foe !
And those who side by side you see
In equal armour bright,
Now twined in bonds of amity
While yet they dwell in night,
Alas ! how terrible their strife
If e'er they win their way to life,
How fierce the shock of war,
This kinsman rushing to the fight
From castellated Alpine height,
That leading his embattled might,
From furthest morning star !
Nay, children : nay, your hate unlearn
Nor 'gainst your country's vitals turn
The valour of her sons ;
And thou, do thou the first refrain,
Cast down thy weapons on the plain
Thou born of Jove's Olympian strain,
In whom my life-blood runs.
One, victor in Corinthian war,
Up Capitol shall drive his car,
Proud of Achæans slain ;
And one Mycenæ shall o'erthrow,
The city of the Atridan foe,
And e'en Æacides destroy
Achilles' long-descended boy,
In vengeance for his sires of Troy
And Pallas' plundered fane,
Who, mighty Cato, Cossus, who
Would keep your names concealed ?
The Gracchi and the Scipios two,
The levins of the field,
Serranus o'er his furrow bowed
Or thee, Fabricius, poor yet proud ?
Ye Fabii, must your actions done
The speed of panting praise outrun ?

Our greatest thou, whose wise delay
 Restores the fortune of the day.
 Others I ween with happier grace
 From bronze or stone shall call the face,
 Plead doubtful causes, map the skies,
 And tell when planets set or rise :
 But ye, my Romans, still control
 The nations far and wide,
 Be this your genius—to impose
 The rule of peace on vanquish'd foes,
 Show pity to the humbled soul,
 And crush the sons of pride."

These last lines are surely but inadequate substitutes for the grand verses with which all lovers of Virgil are so familiar.

2. "To any one who has really studied the history of the constitution and jurisprudence of the Papal system nothing is more amusing," we are told by a writer in the *Saturday Review**—who expends two columns on the illustration of the assertion—"than the ignorance on these subjects which is constantly displayed by those who pride themselves on being the most devoted disciples of that system." To us it seems that there is something still more amusing in the ignorance displayed by those who come forward to give instruction to the disciples of that system, and to reprove them for venturing to express an opinion about it, when their own qualifications for the task are limited to a fair stock of prejudice, a somewhat flippant pen, and a momentary glance at some document which they do not understand. Nothing, we suppose, will ever teach this class of writers that they had better not meddle with Catholic theology, or keep them from discharging their missiles with the same sort of alacrity, and the same sort of results, as those which signalised Mr. Winkle's attempts at athletic exercises. We should not have gone out of our usual path to notice this particular Article, which is not much more absurd than the generality of similar effusions, but for two reasons. First, it starts with a monstrous misrepresentation of an Article of our own; and, secondly, as the bull of Martin V., which it quotes to misinterpret, is not often to be met with except in a theological library, it may be worth while for the sake of any who, not being familiar with it themselves, may have been perplexed by this writer's confident language about it, to correct his mis-statements. It is not also, perhaps, wholly useless to illustrate now then by a particular instance, what it would be a fatiguing process and an almost impossible feat ever adequately to represent,—the untrustworthiness of that criticism which, because it is in print, and suits itself to their prejudices, and is glibly and magisterially spoken, is so readily received by many of our countrymen as indisputable truth, and becomes firmly imbedded in the huge mass of anti-Catholic tradition.

In our October notice of a volume of Unionist Essays we were giving an account of the grounds on which the writers of the most advanced school in the Anglican Establishment profess to build their

* October 20, 1866: "Is Victor Emmanuel excommunicated?"

hopes of Corporate Reunion. Amongst other grounds of hope, we quoted from a passage in one of the Essays the statement, that Victor Emmanuel, although excommunicated, receives the Sacraments, and that this shows some yielding on the part of the Holy See. We did not ourselves express any opinion whatever either as to the fact of this excommunication, or as to the unlawfulness of the supposed admission to the Sacraments; and therefore we could not possibly be guilty of charging the essayist with blasphemy in asserting it, or of speaking of his assertion with horror or contempt. We certainly let it appear, but as mildly as was consistent with the intimation, that we considered the alleged fact ludicrously disproportionate to the inference drawn from it; because, although we did not say so, we felt unable to imagine how, if it were ever so certain that an excommunicated person had been allowed or had been bold enough to go to communion, such a fact could help to clear the English Establishment from heresy and schism, or turn any respectable layman who may amuse himself with incense and chasubles into a priest. We mentioned also parenthetically that we had been given to understand that the fact was not as they stated. It so happened that several Italians, who thought that they had received authentic information, had informed us that their king had not for several years approached the Sacraments; and as we considered this rather creditable to him than otherwise, we added to our report of the Essayist's statement the words, "Which we did not (know), and thought we knew the contrary." This was positively the whole of what we said on the subject of Victor Emmanuel or of excommunication. But a *Saturday Reviewer* is either exempted from the obligation of reading what he attacks, or he feels himself invested with the power of drawing forth deep and hidden meanings from words that were certainly not intended to mean, and do not to any other reader seem to mean, any thing of the sort, to a degree that far outstrips the famous interpretation of Lord Burleigh's shake of the head. After speaking of the "blunders on points of discipline and canon law, of which even the most ignorant of unbelievers ought to be ashamed," into which "those who profess to be most deeply instructed in the divine things of the Papal law are constantly falling," and of "violent tirades that manifest the zeal rather than the knowledge of the devotees of the Papal power," he asserts in illustration of all this that, "A writer in an ultra-pious Roman Catholic periodical of this month writes with mingled horror and contempt of the ignorance and blasphemy of one of the Church-Union essayists, who spoke of priests actually administering the ordinances of religion to the King of Italy." This is pretty well as the interpretation of "we thought we knew," that he had not in fact received them; beyond which we neither said nor suggested anything whatever. But this is not enough. Our reviewer goes on to make a quotation: "The statement, *it is said*, is simply incredible, because the occurrence is impossible. No priest would dare to admit to any ordinance of the Church an excommunicated man." And then, on the strength of this quotation of what we "said," comes, of course, more thunder. Mr. C. Kingsley made

himself famous by asserting that "Father Newman tells us" something which he had himself invented for Father Newman; and this, no doubt, showed "haulte courage." But there was this difference, that Father Newman was a very voluminous writer, and the reference was only to his *opera omnia*, and it would take some time to prove a negative. But here the reviewer fixes on a particular Article, in which there is not one single word or the least hint of any part of all that he attributes to us, and quietly says, "It is said." Upon the whole, we think that "Baby Charles" is distanced by the *Saturday Reviewer*.

After venting his scorn upon ourselves, he proceeds to demolish what he supposes, or at least what he asserts, to be our teaching, by "a very brief but decisive reference to the highest authorities of Papal law." "A celebrated bull of Pope Martin V.," he tells us, "expressly declared that no notice is to be taken of a mere general sentence of excommunication." After quoting part of the bull, our instructor continues, "Nothing can be clearer and more distinct than this. No one is bound to abstain from communion with any person, to refuse him the administration of the Sacraments, or to withhold from him any sacred thing under pretext of any general sentence or censure, unless some judge has pronounced sentence against that person specially and expressly."

It does not strike our learned commentator that he has already given two quite different renderings of the bull. If it only declares that the faithful are not bound by virtue of a general sentence of excommunication to abstain from certain things, it does not even imply, much less *expressly declare*, "that no notice is to be taken" of such a sentence. It does not even say that the faithful are not bound to take notice of it, but only that they are no longer bound by the terms of a general sentence of excommunication to shun the company of the excommunicated person, or to keep aloof from him in administering or receiving Sacraments and holy things. The words of the reviewer: "To refuse him the administration of the Sacraments, or to withhold from him any sacred thing," are not authorised by the original, which simply dispenses the faithful from the obligation of separating themselves from the excommunicated in administering the Sacraments, &c. Any excommunicated person, whether *vitandus*, i.e. denounced by name, and therefore to be necessarily shunned, or *toleratus*, i.e. one whose presence at the services of the Church is endured though not approved, is alike incapable of receiving any Sacrament lawfully or beneficially, or of profiting by attendance at Mass or any of the public offices of the Church, and is under various other disabilities. The relaxation of the former discipline which made it imperative to avoid the company of the excommunicated, and required a priest to abstain from saying Mass if one were present and refused to retire, and forbade any one to receive a Sacrament from a priest who was under censure, did not in any way affect, nor has it ever been supposed to affect, the actual status of an excommunicated person, or the feelings and conduct in other ways of the faithful towards him. Before any of the canons were passed

which this change of discipline practically repealed, offenders were excommunicated, and knew and felt that they were under a ban, and were held in horror by the faithful, and either abstained from holy things while the sentence was upon them, or aggravated their ruin by receiving them sacrilegiously. And when these canons were relaxed with regard to all under censures except such as were denounced by name, and such as had notoriously wounded a person in holy orders even though not denounced, the chief effects of the penalty on all alike on whom it fell remained just what they were before. Our reviewer talks of "every one who knows any thing of what is termed moral theology" as if he knew a great deal of it; yet he could not have looked into the chapter on "censures" in any book of moral theology without seeing this clearly. The particular document that he quotes is not nearly so often to be met with in such books as the Constitution of the Council of Constance, which was confirmed by Martin V., and became the law of the Church. The bull that he quotes is part of the Pope's concordat with the Germans. In the constitution of the Council, after similar words of dispensation to the faithful, it is added, "By this, however, we do not intend in any way to relieve excommunicated, suspended, interdicted, and prohibited persons of this class," *i. e.* not specially denounced, "nor to countenance them in any way whatever." In the moral theology of St. Liguori, to mention only one, there is the "Notandum," that "Although we are not bound to shun an excommunicated person who is not denounced by name, we are at liberty to shun him, and publicly to shun one who is publicly known to be excommunicated." And this liberty we may feel bound on other grounds to exercise. Yet our reviewer tells us that it is *expressly declared* that we are not to notice a general sentence,—and afterwards, growing bolder, that a denunciation by name is "the only process that can entitle any of the faithful to treat Victor Emmanuel as an excommunicated man." He makes merry with general excommunications altogether, calling them "mere nullities;" "the performance of the drama of Excommunication with the part of the Excommunicated omitted by particular desire;" "the adoption of a policy irreverently expressed as showing its teeth when it dare not bite," &c.; and confounds an actual excommunication with the threat of excommunication, as if he had not heard of the difference between *lata sententiæ* and *ferendæ sententiæ*. The groundwork of all this mistimed pleasantry and pretentious blundering is evident enough from his reference to canons of the Establishment declaring excommunicated all who say either that they cannot safely subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, or that clergy or laity can make or obey ecclesiastical rules without the consent of the Crown. Because no one regards a whole battery of such canons as these, he fancies that spiritual penalties inflicted within the true Church by the highest authority, when they do not bring with them the personal inconvenience of being abandoned by all except the contumacious, are not only no penalties at all, but cannot be practically regarded as such by Catholics. If he had contented himself,

as an "intelligent outsider," with deriding such penalties, or laughing at Catholics for fearing them, or even evolving from the depths of his moral consciousness a proof that we could not really fear them although we said we did, it would have been only what we are used to, and must always expect; but to take the high ground of one who has really studied the Papal system, and is versed in Papal bulls and Popish moral theology, and then to tell us, with reproofs of our ignorance of our own religion, that the most awful spiritual penalties are "nullities," and that we are not only not bound, but not entitled to notice them, is perhaps the special privilege of a reviewer, who attributes expressions of "horror" and "contempt," and declarations of "blasphemy," of "incredible" and "impossible," to a writer who had not uttered a single syllable on the subject.

3. We have more than once had occasion to speak of the great necessity which exists for a systematic and continued effort on the part of the lovers of truth, for the purpose of removing the mass of misrepresentation which has been accumulating for centuries in almost every department of history. Every one is aware that we live in a time in which a great deal has been done in this direction. The histories which are now written require far more conscientious labours on the part of their authors than in the last century, and are subjected to a more searching and vigorous criticism. The great work of ransacking libraries and archives for the documents necessary to understand the past has been begun and carried on with vigour, and the result has been almost universally to discredit common impressions and dissipate prevalent prejudices. In other cases, the same effect has been produced by works the materials for which already existed in print, but had been neglected or garbled by the partisan writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The work has begun, but it is yet not at all advanced towards completion. The Church, the Popes, the Middle Ages, have of course been the great sufferers by the falsehoods of the past, and are the great, though not the only, gainers by the revelations of the present. The strong expression of De Maistre, that common history was a long conspiracy against truth, is, in fact, being daily more completely verified. It is difficult to attribute the consistent and pertinacious misrepresentations, all on one side, to any thing but deliberate malice on the part of certain writers, though of course it must be remembered—as, indeed, we have every day fresh reason for remembering—that prejudiced persons have a wonderful talent of self-deception, and are often quite unconscious of the unfairness with which they speak and write.

One of the greatest services that could be rendered to the causes of truth would be the association of the learned men of all countries in an organised and systematic course of labour for the deliverance of history from misrepresentations. We want union, and communication, that labour may not be wasted by the employment of

several students at once on the same subject, and also on account of the scattered state of the materials by means of which justice has to be done to the past. We need some such kind of unrecognised association as that which binds the votaries of physical science into one body for purposes of mutual assistance and harmonious progress. Whether such an association can ever be practically brought about among the Catholic students of history must remain to be seen: but at all events one step towards it must be the establishment of organs in which their labours may appear, and which may serve as registers by which we may estimate the amount of progress which has been as yet made. We hail the publication of the new French *Revue des Questions Historiques* as a very important step towards accomplishing this object.

This *Revue* (which is published quarterly) has now put forth its two first numbers. It appears to us certainly destined to take a very high rank indeed, not only among Catholic periodicals, but among the foremost productions of general literature. Each number contains nearly a dozen well-written essays, and is closed by a *Bulletin Bibliographique* in which a large number of publications, chiefly historical, are carefully noticed. The essays themselves are elaborate and very temperate. They usually go to the very bottom of the question with which they deal, and are perhaps more likely to tire the superficial reader by their conscientious fulness, than to disappoint the true student by their sketchiness. Some of the most favourite subjects of anti-Catholic misrepresentation have been already handled. M. Georges Gaudy has given us two careful essays on "The Day of St. Bartholomew," which seem to us to place the character of that much discussed act of the French Court before the reader in the clearest possible light. M. Edouard Dumont has written on the subject of the supposed "fall" of Liberius,—and we take the liberty of recommending his paper to a certain critic in a late number of the *Union Review* who seems to have considered it a mark of extreme ignorance on our own part to have said that "Catholics questioned the assertion that that Pope had erred in matters of faith." M. Dumont has also begun an elaborate essay on the "False Decretals," the conclusion of which we may expect in the next number. We need only mention a few more of the articles, such as that by M. Henri de l'Epinois on the Roman Catacombs, that on the Italian heretics of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by Cesare Cantù, M. Alfred Netteiment's paper on the Mission of Joan of Arc, and that of M. Wiesener on the origin of the name of America. In these and other cases the name of the writer is at once a guarantee for the full and able consideration of the subject. We are promised in future numbers a variety of essays which will certainly establish the character of the *Revue* on the very highest level. M. Ernest Desjardins is to handle the question of the census under Quirinius: M. Gaudy will write on Marie Antoinette and her correspondence: M. de Meaux will deal with the Relations of the first French Empire with the Holy See: M. Renoux with the Popes of the tenth

century, M. Gautier with Boniface VIII., M. H. de l'Épinois with Galileo, the Abbé Bockenmayer with Erasmus, the Comte de Richemont with the Thirty-years' War, and M. Léon Aubineau with Janzenism. The list of promised articles is much longer than this: but we have quoted enough to show that many of the most difficult questions of history will be undertaken fearlessly, and as we have reason to believe, will be settled conscientiously.

4. It is somewhat surprising that in these days of multitudinous story-writing, we have not had more books composed after the model of the *Diary of a Late Physician*. Possibly the collection of a number of stories, repeating more or less incidents of the same kind, may have the disadvantage inseparable from monotony. But if the plots of the great majority of current novels were analysed and compared, it would soon be seen that they were monotonous enough. Mr. Gilbert's new volumes, *Dr. Austin's Guests*,* form a series of the class of which we spoke first. Dr. Austin is neither more nor less than the proprietor of a "private asylum;" to which, however, only patients labouring under the milder forms of mental disease are admitted, under the euphemistic name of guests. The narrator is himself supposed to be one of the patients, who fancies himself possessed of some wonderful secret for accumulating force, by which, if properly applied, he would be able not only to supersede all known mechanical forces, but even to destroy the universe itself. A kindly regard for the safety of his fellow men, and the rest of creation, induces him to take up his abode with Dr. Austin, where he will be safe from the temptation of bringing his invention to perfection. He falls in with one or two other guests with delusions not unlike his own, and their occasional collisions are amusing enough. But their stories are not the best in the book. The idea of one, called "A Singular Love-Story," in which a man believes himself to have been born at the age of seventy-three, to be getting each year younger instead of older, and to have watched first with the affection of a grandfather or a parent over the youth of the lady of whom, as their ages gradually approach equality, he becomes the devoted lover, is extremely happy. It is almost a pity that Mr. Gilbert did not use it for a longer tale. We may also observe that there is almost matter and character enough about another in the same volume, "L'Amour Médecin," to have made a novel of. The longest story in the second volume, "The Old Maid," turns upon the influence exercised for a few minutes by an itinerant lecturer on "Biology," over the nerves of a maiden lady, the sister of a lawyer. She forgets absolutely all that has happened during the day before the *séance* at which she attends. That day she has received from a tenant of the nobleman to whom her brother acts as agent an envelope containing a sum of money in payment of some arrears of rent. The money not being forthcoming,—for she put the letter into a drawer,—the tenant is sold up, and his

* *Doctor Austin's Guests*. By William Gilbert. London, 1866. 2 vols.

whole family plunged into irretrievable misery. The lady happens to find out the quackery of the lecturer, and then remembers all about the note. She becomes a "guest" of Dr. Austin in consequence of the morbid self-reproach engendered by her forgetfulness. "Banco's Ghost" is the title of another story, which turns on the delusions of a sharp attorney, who has built a fortune on the ruin of some of his clients. There is a fine touch in the catastrophe of this tale. The poor "guest" dreams every night of a beautiful child who appears to him, with something in her hand which he cannot make out. After a time, he sees what it is in his dream, but can never remember it on waking. One day on a chance visit to a shop he sees a piece of brown paper lying on the counter, and is wonderfully moved by recognising in it the object held in the child's hand. He opens it, and discovers a *razor*. He is terribly affected by the revelation, and after some time finds means to cut his own throat.

As this is not Mr. Gilbert's first work of fiction, we need hardly characterise his peculiar power as a writer. *Dr. Austin's Guests*, if it does not rise above the level of his former works, will at least sustain his reputation, and the idea of the book must be allowed to be very happy.

5. Mr. Baring-Gould is one of those writers who sometimes hit upon a good idea for a new book, and then fail in their attempt to carry out their design. His *Post-mediæval Preachers* was a well-conceived book: but it was too short and sketchy in execution, besides being incomplete, and, occasionally, we think, inaccurate. His present volume is also well conceived.* A real account of the myths of the Middle Ages would not only be extremely interesting as a story book, but it might help us to understand those much-abused centuries better than we do. It seems as if we were apt to forget that the northern nations brought their own traditions and legendary lore with them in their invasions of Europe, and that the society which was built up at the cost of so much labour by the Church, long retained many elements of pagan origin, which religion moulded or adapted in her own way without abolishing or proscribing them. This state of things would naturally reflect itself in myths and popular beliefs, many of which would be only just elevated above gross superstitions by the action of Christianity. Then there was of course also a large mass of legend derived more or less distantly from Christian sources, but greatly transformed and coloured by popular modes of thought and belief. This it would be most interesting, even historically, to examine. On the whole, then, Mr. Baring-Gould has chosen a very attractive subject.

We can hardly give our readers a fairer opportunity of judging

* *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London, 1866.

whether he has handled it adequately, than by mentioning the titles of his twelve not very long chapters. He deals therein with the Wandering Jew, Prester John, the Divining Rod, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, William Tell, the Dog Gellert, Tailed Men, Antichrist and Pope Joan, the Man in the Moon, the Mountain of Venus, Fatality of Numbers, and the Terrestrial Paradise. The story of the Seven Sleepers is as old as the sixth century. The Divining Rod, we suspect, blooms as healthily in our own enlightened times as ever in the Middle Ages, and the remarkable story of Aymer, which is the chief feature in Mr. Baring-Gould's chapter on the subject, belongs to the very end of the seventeenth century. The story of the Dog Gellert and that of William Tell—both of which Mr. Baring-Gould tries to demolish—may be apocryphal, though they are not certainly proved so by the fact that other stories very like them appeared in earlier times and in widely distant places: but neither of them has any thing particularly mediæval about it. We may say the same of the curious facts collected in the chapter on the Fatality of Numbers. On the whole, therefore, the bill of fare presented by Mr. Baring-Gould, when cut down to its legitimate proportions, is somewhat meagre. He writes well, and is evidently a man of considerable research and information, and it is a pity that he has not dug deeper into the very interesting mine which he has opened. A few more "myths" as graceful as that of the "Mountain of Venus"—the best in the book—would have made his volume greatly and permanently attractive.

6. Mr. Kennedy has given us a very pleasing collection in his *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*. It appears to be only too true that emigration and the spread of reading among the people in Ireland are doing away among them with the old traditional legends in which the Celtic nations are so rich. The trashy modern novel, as published in the cheap penny periodicals, is taking their place, and the old stories, handed on through no one can tell how many generations, will soon become lost altogether, unless literature interferes to save the remains of what it has itself, in its lowest phases, helped to destroy, or at least to dethrone. So that, apart from the entertainment provided for us in the stories themselves which Mr. Kennedy has collected, we are indebted to him for his efforts to save a really precious portion of national antiquity from oblivion.

The book seems to be chiefly founded on personal recollections, the materials being in the main the substance of stories heard by Mr. Kennedy in younger days in his own part of Leinster. It contains five parts, consisting respectively of Household Stories,—tales of wild adventure such as are suited to the uncritical and excitement-loving audience which gather round a domestic fireside on a long winter's night—of legends of the "Good People," or of witches and the like, and lastly of Ossianic legends, and of a few quaint anecdotes

of early Celtic saints. A good deal of antiquarian lore is scattered through Mr. Kennedy's pages. A really curious book might be founded on a comparison of the legends and home-stories of the various European nations, for we find the same stories in the main repeated in different countries, and of course this fact points to a common origin of all these legends in the far Eastern home from which at various times the different tribes started on their Western migration. Then it is most interesting to see how the national character of each tribe has coloured and, as it were, appropriated the originally common material. The collections of German and Norse stories with which we are familiar furnish many most amusing points of comparison with these Celtic tales.

7. We have had occasion elsewhere to speak of the progress lately made in historical knowledge by the publication in various countries of the original and authentic documents which are the only legitimate modes of information as to the past. As an evidence of the fruits which have resulted from such publications, we may take the present opportunity of referring to two monographs lately published in our own country on subjects connected with French history, which certainly show a very great advance in industry, in fairness to a period and a state of society so far different from our own, and in conscientious adherence to the facts as stated in the old authorities.

The first of these works is the *Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin*,* by D. F. Jamison, of South Carolina. This book, though mostly written before the late war in America, was finished while its author was actually engaged in public duties of the most engrossing kind, and when transmitted in manuscript to England for publication had to run the chances of being captured by the Northern fleet blockading Charleston. It is founded entirely, it would seem, upon Froissart and the old lives of Bertrand published in the great collection of French Historical Memoirs, and although there may here and there be an occasional mistake, it is on the whole a very fair representation of Bertrand's life and character. Bertrand du Guesclin is one of the most characteristic figures of his epoch, and played no unimportant part in the history of France: but we must content ourselves for the present with this slight mention of Mr. Jamison's well-written and most interesting volumes.

Another work of equal merit, though rather lighter in texture, and with less outward appearance of learned research, is the *Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc*,† by Miss Harriet Parr. The French historical publications make it easy to refer to the original documents, and so far Miss Parr has had but little to do but to use her authorities diligently and honestly: and she has produced a very pleasing

* *The Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin: a History of the Fourteenth Century.* By D. F. Jamison. London and Charleston, 1864.

† *The Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc, called the Maid.* By Harriet Parr. 2 vols. London, 1866.

and popular account of the famous Maid. Here, again, we must forbear from entering on a most tempting subject. A great deal has been lately written in France upon Joan of Arc, and as far as her perfect "rehabilitation" is concerned, no doubt can for a moment be admitted of her honesty and purity, nor indeed, we suppose, as to the reality of her mission. As her later attempts were disastrous, the question debated turns on the *limits* of her mission. For this we may refer our readers to the current numbers of the *Etudes*, and the *Revue des Questions Historiques*. Those who desire no more than a simple and graceful narrative of Joan's history will not regret the time they may have to spend in reading Miss Parr's volumes.

END OF VOL. V.

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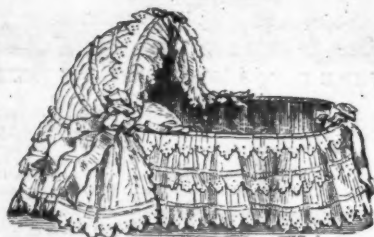
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